

DOCTOR FOSTER THE SCRIPTS



As seen on the
BBC

MIKE BARTLETT

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Dear Reader

You are in the position I was a few years ago when I was first sent these scripts.

You hold in your hands a story that will take you on a real journey; that tests your moral compass, and challenges your ideas of a marriage, a professional woman, a community, love and betrayal...

It took me a long time to read the scripts as I wanted to really put myself in Gemma's head at every turn, even on the first reading (and trust me, that doesn't always happen with scripts and screenplays – but this one is special).

Enjoy! And once again, thank you, Mike.

Suranne Jones



Introduction

Mike Bartlett

Why publish a screenplay, when these days the finished film or TV series is so readily available? If one only thinks of them as working documents then perhaps there is little point, beyond the academic. But reading screenplays has always been as interesting to me as reading plays; an activity in its own right. Now I think about it, I may even have read a screenplay before I properly read a play. It was the script for *Pulp Fiction*. I was technically too young to have seen it, only fourteen when it came out, but I think I must have watched it at a friend's house on video. What I remember is loving the sound of the dialogue and being fascinated by the structure itself. I wanted to know how it was made, and I wanted to be part of it, so when I saw the screenplay in the bookshop I bought it, and read it again and again – hearing the rhythm of the dialogue in my head, imagining the scenes, and how I might shoot them. I saw that dialogue looks completely different on the page to transcribed speech – especially Tarantino dialogue. A world away from naturalism, it's got artistry, form, music and structure. Reading that screenplay inspired me to write my first real scene – about two people meeting on a bench, thinking they might fall in love with each other, and then realising they hated each other. It was very Tarantino-esque, but it was, at least, dialogue.

In the years that followed I read many screenplays: William Goldman, *The Godfather*, *American Beauty*, TV shows like *The West Wing* and *The Sopranos*, recently the screenplay to *Lincoln* by Tony Kushner. All films and TV I'd already seen, but wanted to re-experience myself, from the script upwards. I was learning, but also enjoying and imagining. If there's a theatrical version of film, and maybe later a director's cut, then the version in your head as you read a screenplay is *your* cut. You choose the shots, and the cast. You imagine the world yourself.

What I had no idea about, until I started working in television myself, is that the script you read at the end of the process is not a pure literary document, crafted by a writer in isolation. Some plays are this, but, I would

bet, hardly any screenplays. They've had notes upon notes given and acted on, both artistic and logistical. They've been revised as shooting has progressed, and they may reflect what has happened in the edit. In my experience, plays are revised and rewritten but tend to settle down around halfway through rehearsals. Screenplays, however, are in flux all the way through, for one reason or another. But despite this, I always try to make sure that the script is the document we return to – the centre point around which everything revolves. Even in the edit, when some people (quite legitimately) say that one should throw away the script and start again, I'm drawn back to it, believing that the best way to stay true to the project that everyone wanted to make in the first place is to look for the intentions in that script – even if you end up achieving them in a very different way.

So for *Doctor Foster* we're never that far away from a script, in pre-production, through shooting, and afterwards. And just as there's a creative tension between the part as it was written before it was cast, and the actor that finally plays it, I also think there's a similar tension between the yet-unshot, utopian, platonic screenplay, full of potential, and the inevitably flawed, pragmatic, money-bound production that ends up on screen. The unrealistic utopia of the original pushes the project further than it might otherwise go, and equally the pragmatism of having to make it real and tangible can help it discover greater truth.

So in that sense the process of writing continues for me long after shooting has finished, right up until we lock the episodes in the edit, with new lines being added in ADR (additional dialogue recording), reordering of the scenes, and occasionally even creating new scenes. These scripts therefore reflect as best I think they can, what a *final* script would look like. The end of a writing process. It's been fascinating for me to see some of the original descriptions of sequences and locations, and how the dialogue looks on the page. Although mostly it reflects the words you'll find in the finished episodes, one can see the decisions that have been made by actors, designers and directors as they make it real. Reading the scripts, you're aware that there are always other routes one could have taken. Performing a line in a different way, shooting a scene in a different style. As we've established, that's part of the fun of reading the script. But of course it also makes very clear how much everyone brings to the production. What Suranne Jones adds to the Gemma Foster on the page, and how she

interprets the role. How much of the tone is established through music, direction, or cinematography. The screenplay, like a play, is an invitation to collaborate, and this production had amazing artists come to work on it throughout, who were simultaneously very faithful to the scripts you're about to read, but knew it was a jumping-off point for something potentially greater.

Doctor Foster: The Road to the Small Screen

Roanna Benn and Jude Liknaitzky (Executive Producers)

Contrary to what one might imagine, as producers in television drama, it is not *ideas* that we struggle to come up with. Finding brilliant writers, and persuading them to work with us, is the real challenge.

We had long been devoted fans of Mike Bartlett's writing – having seen or read all of his plays. What we loved most of all is the way Mike collides characters: people who shouldn't come together, who shouldn't say those things to one another, *do* come together and *do* say those things, and the result is electric. His writing is fearless, he takes things to the extreme in the most thrilling, unpredictable and dramatic ways. However, it only works if there is an underlying truth in the writing – otherwise who cares? But with Mike there is always truth at the heart: a couple at war fighting over their child (such as in his play *My Child*); a couple arguing over the ambiguous sexuality of one of them (*Cock*); a family in disarray over the legacy left by one generation to another (*Love, Love, Love*); the struggle in the workplace to survive when others are determined to destroy you (*Bull*), etc. To sum up: we wanted to be involved in capturing what Mike does best and make it work on television for millions of people to enjoy – and we didn't want to screw it up!

We were thrilled when we eventually got the opportunity to meet Mike, although it took a long while. We had to persuade his agent, Nick Quinn, and this was no easy feat. Everyone wanted to meet Mike, and he was *very* busy. When we finally succeeded in squeezing an hour out of him before his rehearsals at the Royal Court for *Love, Love, Love*, we talked about our shared passions and, to our delight, our connection felt very natural.

Sometimes TV developments feel like wading through treacle: trying to attach the right writer to the right idea and then to match both to the right channel and the right commissioner, and everyone trying to work out what the audience might like. Far too much second-guessing and not enough coming from the heart. And therein misery lies. But on this rare occasion the elements came together surprisingly easily.

Once we hit on the notion of betrayal and revenge, and making this a very intimate story about marriage, we got very excited. Of course, affairs are ten-a-penny in television drama, not least in the soaps. But we talked about how infidelity can destroy lives and push people to the very edge. Isn't the loss of a person's love and devotion, their gross betrayal, akin to a death? We really believed in those high stakes and they were core to the idea. This may be a rare drama with no dead body, but in our eyes the marriage was 'the body' and there *was* a murderer to pursue.

The next step was to convince a commissioner at one of the channels that this was a good idea. Our commissioner was Matthew Read at the BBC who, fortunately for us, is one of those brilliant commissioners who trusts the writer to be their best selves. The idea we pitched was a simple and dynamic one: what happens when a woman finds out her husband is having an affair? Matthew liked it. What's more, he confirmed that there was nothing else on the BBC slate that was dealing with this most universal of subject matters.

Mike wrote a fantastic first episode. Of course, there were a number of drafts, as there always are in development, but the process was particularly creative and streamlined. Mike seemed to relish notes and collaboration, whilst at the same time being very clear about what he wanted to write and the pitfalls he wanted to avoid. He discovered that whilst he wanted there to be lots of story, the script never worked if plot took precedence over the emotional journey of the character.

Matthew Read contributed his notes, which Mike took on board, and then the script went on its journey upwards to the Head of Drama – then Ben Stephenson – into the hands of the Head of BBC One, Charlotte Moore, and after one full of year in development the show was green-lit. This is an extremely quick result in television!

We cast Suranne Jones as Doctor Gemma Foster before we had any other crew or cast on board. We knew it was crucial to have the best and most particular lead actor, someone the audience would love and follow on this roller-coaster journey. We knew Suranne was a remarkable actor, but we had no idea how her fearlessness would match Mike's – an incredible pairing.

The BBC gave us a year for Mike to write all five episodes before we started filming. This was a wonderful luxury as it meant Mike was able to write the whole series and then go back and rewrite with hindsight so that it felt like a complete and wholly authored piece of work. The way we – as producers – worked seemed really to suit Mike: he would relish the story-lining process traditionally used in television where we all sit in a room for days and bash ideas around. We spent a lot of time in a grotty pub in North London covering the walls with sticky white paper. We each felt we could say whatever we wanted, and it was a ‘free’ space to talk about the stories and characters. Even if Mike would occasionally tell us an idea was ‘neither original nor interesting’!

Once Mike felt he had enough to go off and form an episode, he would write up an informal story outline for himself, and for us producers and Matthew Read to get on board. This was a working document written in prose, rather than a piece of work in itself, but it was a crucial stage in the process that worked so well for *Doctor Foster*. It meant there wouldn’t be any huge surprises when the script arrived, therefore Mike could completely throw himself into writing a script knowing it was unlikely he would later get a note that would pull the episode apart. It has to be said that, whilst Mike stuck broadly to the story he outlined in each of these working documents, the scripts would always surprise and delight us with things he did not describe in the prose version, things we could never imagine.

Once we got into production, every detail was pored over. In such a detailed and intimate relationship drama we knew that the setting, design, costume, make-up would all be utterly crucial in building the right ‘world’ for the characters. So every decision was scrutinised and carefully thought through by every department. Mike is not only an extraordinary writer, but a true show-runner, an executive producer who genuinely earns that credit, broad-shouldered and interested enough to take on all these considerations: the logistics of scheduling, casting, costumes, title sequence, grade, and so on. The best of writers find the practical challenges creative rather than restrictive. After all, what mug a character drinks from, or what dress a character wears is just as relevant to their character as what they say and, of course, no one knows this character as well as the writer. It is such a joy – and relief – to work with a writer in this way.

We had no idea how audiences would respond to the show. And every week was nail-biting waiting for the overnight ratings to come in. Would people stick with Gemma's story? Would they continue to care? We were blown away by the response, and particularly that audiences felt compelled to watch on the night. When we asked people why they liked the show, the overwhelming response was that they loved not having a clue what Gemma was going to do next...

Thanks

Mike Bartlett

The writing and preparation of these scripts has involved a large group of people, to whom I'm hugely grateful:

Matt Applewhite

Roanna Benn

Miranda Boscawen

Greg Brenman

Bertie Carvel

Lauren Cushman

Nick Hern

Polly Hill

Suranne Jones

Jude Liknaitsky

Clare Lizzimore

Charlotte Moore

Phil Mulryne

Nicola Sangster

Ben Stephenson

Matthew Read

Sarah Liisa Wilkinson

And the cast and crew of *Doctor Foster*.

EPISODE ONE

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Early morning. We see details around a room, as sex goes on in the background. A discarded suit on the floor, a suitcase, the curtains letting in the morning light. We can hear the sex is good - the sex noises are slightly hushed, but clearly enjoyable.

On to a pillow on a bed. In profile.

Suddenly Gemma falls back into shot, beaming. She's thirty-seven, very bright. She smiles -

SIMON

You miss me?

GEMMA

Yeah, I did.

Simon leans down. He's forty, young looking, sincere. They kiss passionately, then roll over so she's on top -

CUT TO -

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

It was great sex but now they're late. Gemma's getting dressed but looking for her jacket. Simon emerges from the en suite bathroom in his shirt and underwear.

GEMMA

There's only a few days to go
and there's a lot to arrange.

SIMON

You didn't need to, it's just a
few friends. And we've got Neil
and Anna tonight?

GEMMA

It's all under control.

Gemma moves Simon's still-packed suitcase, picks
up his trousers from the floor. As she does, some
coins fall out, along with a red lip salve. She
picks it up, and looks at it.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(holds up the lip salve)

Is this yours?

SIMON

Yes, actually. Dry lips.

GEMMA

(teasing)

Bit girly.

SIMON

Red? Nothing wrong with that,
and it was the only one they
had.

GEMMA

(not listening)

Remember you're taking Tom to
school.

SIMON

I'm late.

GEMMA

(finds her jacket)

Me too.

(smiles)

Worth it though.

He smiles as she leaves. Loves her.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. DAY

A radio plays Bon Jovi - 'Living on a Prayer'. We pan across the front of a fridge, where various things are pinned up with magnets. A photo of Simon, Gemma, Tom, and an older woman in a wheelchair (this is Helen). A list of names with the heading 'Simon Birthday', and a calendar.

As we come off the fridge, Gemma rushes in, to find Tom, her son, already eating cereal. We see the kitchen - it's the working hub of the home. Piles of paperwork on the table, and the side. Unwashed mugs in the sink. It all works, but only just.

Gemma's not happy with her hair.

GEMMA

(to herself)

No one's going to notice, it looks fine.

TOM

What does?

GEMMA

Nothing.

TOM

Morning, Mum.

GEMMA

Morning, darling.

TOM

You know we're late.

GEMMA

The form for the trip is in your bag.

TOM

Thanks.

GEMMA

No problem. Don't forget your coat.

TOM

Yeah, okay.

She picks up her car keys, puts on her coat just as Simon enters in his suit, holding some papers and blueprints.

SIMON

All ready mate?

TOM

Nearly.

Tom gets down from the table and goes into the hall to get his stuff ready.

GEMMA
Where's my scarf?

SIMON
Have mine.

GEMMA
(picking it up from the chair)
It's black. I'm wearing blue.

SIMON
I think you'll manage.

She wraps it round her neck. Kisses Tom as he comes back in, in his coat.

GEMMA
Bye.

SIMON
Bye.

Then she turns to Simon. Kisses him too. Then leaves.

TOM
Dad, did you drive back last night?

SIMON
Yeah. Got meetings this morning.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

As she goes Tom and Simon are still talking.

TOM (O.S.)
What happens in a meeting?

SIMON (O.S.)
What do you mean?

TOM (O.S.)
What do you do?

SIMON (O.S.)
You sit and drink coffee and
discuss things.

Gemma opens the front door and goes out.

GEMMA
See you later!

SIMON (O.S.)
Bye!

TOM (O.S.)
Bye, Mum!

The front door shuts.

EXT. PARMINSTER. DAY

Parminster in morning sun. It's a medium-sized town, a few miles away from the nearest city. Old buildings, mixed in with new-build and sixties housing estates.

Aerial shot as Gemma's blue car makes its way up a street. On speakerphone in the car, she's talking to Anna.

GEMMA (V.O.)

Right, we're on the food, the cake... like, you're doing the decorations.

ANNA (V.O.)

Not a problem. What would you like?

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Gemma drives and talks on the phone.

GEMMA

Balloons, bunting...

ANNA (V.O.)

Absolutely.

As she stops at some lights, on the pavement, a mum with two toddlers points her out. The toddlers wave. Gemma waves back -

GEMMA

Oh, we talked about putting something behind the bar?

ANNA (V.O.)

Very generous.

GEMMA

Enough so that they'll have a good time...

A woman crosses the road in front of the car, and spots her.

Gemma mouths 'You okay?'. The woman holds up her bandaged hand, and mouths 'Better'. Gemma thumbs-up back. Winks.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Not so much that I'll need a stomach pump.

ANNA (V.O.)

You know what Neil's like. I'll speak to the landlord.

GEMMA (V.O.)

You're a life-saver.

ANNA (V.O.)

We'll catch up tonight.

GEMMA

Lovely. Speak then Anna. Bye.

Gemma hangs up. The lights change and she drives on. As she does, it reveals an old school building. In front a hoarding for a redevelopment of the site. 'Academy Green - 14 Luxury Flats.' Pictures of what it will look like - and the name of the company: 'Simon Foster Property Developments Ltd.'

CUT TO -

EXT. THE SURGERY CAR PARK. DAY

Gemma walks from her car to the surgery. She's joined by Gordon Ward, fifty-three, glasses, hypochondriac, also just parked.

GEMMA

Gordon. How are you?

GORDON

Not good at all - that's why I'm here. Back pain.

GEMMA

Okay, well we'll deal with that inside, I was just saying hello really.

GORDON

Oh, right. Well. How are you?

GEMMA

Good. Bit of a disaster with the hair this morning but...

GORDON

Yes I can see that.

They enter.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Pan across a board of photos of the practice GPs. Gemma (Senior Partner) at the top. We see Jack Reynolds (Partner), Ros Mahendra (Partner), Luke Barton (Salaried GP), Nick Stanford (Practice Manager) and a couple of others.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma heads into the reception. Behind the desk are Ros - forty, bright, big hair, her colleague and best friend, Luke Barton - twenty-nine, dark, handsome, and Nick - forty, efficient, precise. Also there is Julie - the receptionist (thirty-nine, blonde, no sense of humour).

GEMMA

Good morning, Julie.

JULIE

Not really.

GEMMA

What's happened?

JULIE

Jack's ill. Not coming in.

ROS

Oh why?

NICK

That's his final warning -

ROS

What did he say?

JULIE

Gastroenteritis.

A sceptical reaction from Nick and Ros.

LUKE

I saw him in the pub last night.

They go through into the office.

GEMMA

Alright, how many on his list
this morning?

JULIE

Twelve.

GEMMA

Julie see what you can do.

(to the doctors)

Take the appointments down to
eight minutes.

JULIE

Okay.

LUKE

Eight minutes is impossible.

GEMMA

Talk faster.

He leaves.

ROS

(flirty)

See you later, Luke.

Ros watches him go.

ROS (CONT'D)

Not a flicker.

GEMMA

He's too young for you.

ROS

Maybe but I accidentally on purpose brushed up against his shirt the other day and he is toned like a bastard. You would if you could.

GEMMA

Shall we make a start.

INT. THE SURGERY. WAITING AREA. DAY

Gemma emerges into the full waiting room, smiles at the patients. They smile back. She's popular. We follow her out, down the corridor, to a door which she opens.

INT. THE SURGERY. OFFICE

Gemma enters. Her office is as functional and as everyday as her home. It works but there's paper everywhere, a few medical textbooks on shelves. Along with her desk, which has a computer on it. There's two chairs for the patients, and a couch ready - for examinations. She puts her bag by the chair, takes off her coat, hangs it up with Simon's scarf.

She's about to carry on when she notices something. On the scarf is a hair. It doesn't look like hers. It's blonde - against the black. She stares at it. Worried.

CUT TO -

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Close-up of a picture of Gemma, Simon and Tom on Gemma's desk.

Gordon's opposite Gemma. He's been going a while. As he talks we see Gemma - listening, really trying to be kind and not interrupt. Willing him to get to the point - but the clock is ticking.

GORDON

As you know, I live on my own
and once a week my sister comes
over... bit of a drive for her,
but she brings the shopping.
Meals - soup, tomatoes, meat,
onions...

GEMMA

Yes -

GORDON

She was there on a Thursday, I
had a headache that day, which
isn't the primary reason I'm
here but now I mention it - I've
had them for years, it's on your
notes...

GEMMA

Hmmm...

Gemma looks at her watch.

GORDON

Last weekend I saw a
documentary, they said headaches

have
histor...

GEMMA
(interrupts)

Gordon can we get back to the
specific symptoms that brought
you in?

We hear the voice of another patient...

CARLY (V.O.)
I lay there with my eyes open...

We now CUT TO later. Close-up on Carly, twenty-eight, black hair, high street but nothing overstated. She's intelligent, but not had much support in her life. Dropped out of school after A levels. Learned to look after herself.

CARLY (CONT'D)
...all night. I only get a
couple of hours, and then I'm
falling asleep in the day.

GEMMA
Have you had any recent big
changes? Moving house? New job?

CARLY
No.

GEMMA
Do you have a partner?

CARLY
(getting impatient)
Aren't there pills?

GEMMA

Sleeping pills yes but I
wouldn't prescribe them in your
case.

CARLY

You wouldn't prescribe sleeping
pills for someone who can't
sleep?

GEMMA

Only if we'd tried everything
else or if there was a medical
condition, and that's rare.

CARLY

You think I'm lying?

GEMMA

No -

CARLY

Yes, because you're not giving
me the pills, even though they
do exist and would help my
problem.

GEMMA

(firmly)

I think we should try some other
things first.

We hear the voice of a new patient...

SUSIE (V.O.)

We're opening a new restaurant
tomorrow...

We now CUT TO later. Gemma finishes examining Susie Parks, forty-six, blonde, glamorous. She's middle class and eloquent, six months on from treatment for breast cancer. She's putting her clothes back on her top half, after an examination - and in comparison to the other two patients, slightly takes over the room. She's full of energy, life - almost too many thoughts...

SUSIE (CONT'D)

I would love it if you could
come so I can say thank you.

GEMMA
(smiles)

Oh, it's fine.

SUSIE

No, no please! Look, I'll send
through the details.

Gemma hands Susie a prescription.

GEMMA

Okay.

SUSIE

So I don't need to do anything?

GEMMA

Keep taking these, but other
than that, no.

SUSIE

Good.

They get up and walk to the door. At the door,
Susie pauses.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Gemma, thank you, so much.

GEMMA

No problem.

Gemma opens the door.

She goes. Gemma closes the door and notices the scarf hanging up. The hair is still there. She looks at it again. Against the black of the scarf. Blonde.

She picks it up. It's long.

We hold on it a moment. Stillness as Gemma wonders where it came from...

POPPY (V.O.)

*Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
in the pouring rain!*

CUT TO -

INT. Highbrook School. Day

Close-up on Poppy. She's an eight-year-old with her arm in a plastic sling. She is with her mother and Gemma.

POPPY (CONT'D) (V.O.)

*She stepped in a puddle right up
to her middle and never was seen
again!*

GEMMA

(smiling, slightly weary)

Well... I hope not! It's good to see you Poppy. You're very brave!

POPPY

Thanks!

Gemma smiles as Poppy skips back to her mum.

We realise Gemma is one of a number of parents, waiting to collect their children at the end of homework club.

Tom's one of the first to come out, with a few friends. He walks towards Gemma.

TOM

I did my science and Harry checked it so I know I got it right.

GEMMA

Is Harry good?

TOM

He's a genius. He did his IQ and got a hundred and forty which is loads.

BECKY

Gemma?

Gemma turns. It's Becky, thirty-four, happy, open, with Isobel, her daughter. She's high energy. Maybe a little too high energy.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Hi! How are you?

GEMMA

Sorry, I... don't -

BECKY

Becky. Simon's assistant?

GEMMA

(noting Becky's blonde hair)

Oh... yes.

BECKY

You didn't recognise me. It's fine, been a while! Hi Tom! Haven't seen you in ages!

TOM

Hi.

GEMMA

So your daughter goes to Highbrook?

BECKY

Isobel! Yes, just started. Me and her dad broke up middle of last year -

GEMMA

Oh sorry.

BECKY

Yeah. We just thought Isobel might like a new start. The homework club is a blessing! I

can do the whole day, finish off, lock up and be here at five-thirty to pick her up myself!

An awkward pause. Then...

GEMMA

I'm so sorry I didn't recognise you.

BECKY

(reassuring)

Oh no! No one does any more. After the split I wanted a new start too. So I went blonde. Mum wasn't happy, said I looked like Tess Daly, as if that's a bad thing. But I like it. And Mum's mad so - anyway, see you soon!

GEMMA

Bye.

Gemma and Tom get in the car. As they do, Gemma watches Becky, she hadn't remembered her being so attractive...

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Gemma comes down the stairs, changed into more comfortable clothes for the evening.

She catches herself in the mirror. Looks at her face. Is she attractive? Tired maybe...

TOM
(from the kitchen)

Mum?

Thinking of Becky, she roughs up her hair a little, then feels stupid, puts it back as it was
-

TOM (CONT'D)
(from the kitchen)

Mum!

She snaps out of it, and carries on to the kitchen.

GEMMA
Yes?

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Gemma enters and goes straight to the oven to check the food - a little anxious. Tom's at the table eating pasta, reading a biology textbook.

TOM
You know how many bones there are in the human foot?

GEMMA
Twenty-six. And thirty-three joints. And more than a hundred muscles, tendons and ligaments.

Off - the front door opens.

TOM

Mum, you're a geek.

GEMMA
(proud)

I know.

Gemma smiles at him as Simon comes in with his work bag, and a carrier bag with some bottles.

SIMON
I was stuck in traffic for
twenty minutes but bearing in
mind I started late today, I
think I've done pretty well.
What's more, I have wine.

GEMMA
Perfect.

SIMON
(taking his stuff off)
Can I do anything?

GEMMA
You can pour me a glass. Oh,
before I forget -

She picks up his scarf from the chair and gives it to him.

SIMON
Did you cope with the colour?

GEMMA
(glances at him)
The colour was fine.

SIMON
(turning to get a beer from the fridge)
Mate, you gonna come and say
hello tonight?

TOM
No.

SIMON
(pouring Gemma a glass)
Why not?

TOM
Mum said I don't have to.

SIMON
You're not a kid any more.

TOM
Yeah, but you never let me leave
and you tell these stories.

Simon gives the wine to Gemma.

SIMON
Up to you mate.

TOM
Right.

GEMMA
(still preparing the food)
So tell me about your weekend.

SIMON
(stirring the food)
Well it's a conference. A load
of men gather in a cheap hotel,

talk about planning legislation.

GEMMA

What about the evenings? Did you go out?

SIMON

Occasionally.

GEMMA

Every night in the casino?
Roulette, cocktails, beautiful women...

SIMON

It's Hemel Hempstead.

TOM

What's so fun about casinos? In the end you always lose.

SIMON

Ah well, now let me explain.

GEMMA

No I don't think you will.

There's a ring at the front door.

SIMON

Aha!

Simon goes to open the door. Tom immediately gets down from the table.

TOM

Okay, see you later Mum.

GEMMA

Do you want a juice to take up?

TOM

(going)

No, thanks.

He leaves. Gemma stands with her wine, looking through the doors out into the hall. Tom just gets up the stairs as Simon opens the front door to Neil, forty-four, an attractive, well-dressed accountant, and his wife Anna, forty-three, blonde, an occasional Pilates teacher. No coats, as they live across the road from the Fosters and visit quite often.

NEIL

(to Simon)

Good timing. Just got in?

ANNA

We saw you pull up.

SIMON

I had to stop for booze.

NEIL

(holding up two bottles of wine)

No need!

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The four of them are around a table having dinner. The conversation's in full flow.

NEIL

It was a resort, but it really wasn't bad. You open the door and you were right there on the beach.

ANNA

Yeah and they have activities for children -

SIMON

I'm sure Tom would love it -

ANNA

There's kids everywhere.

NEIL

Screaming...

ANNA

(to Neil)

They were just having fun! He told them to shut up.

NEIL

I did not -

ANNA

'Pipe down.' Like an old man!

NEIL

It's an expression.

ANNA

You can imagine how popular that made us...

SIMON

Gem hates feeling trapped so I'm not sure a resort's / really our kind of -

GEMMA

It's not me! I'd be fine.
There's no point in us staying near the sea. You don't like water! He's even nervous in the shower.

NEIL

What?

GEMMA

He can't swim, is the issue.

SIMON

I can.

GEMMA

Barely.

ANNA

Didn't you learn at school?

SIMON

I had asthma so -

ANNA

(teasing)

Aw -

SIMON

Yeah, I grew out of it.

GEMMA

I rescued him once.

SIMON

Jesus, really? I don't think we need to...

ANNA

I think we do.

GEMMA

I must've told you?

ANNA

Don't think so!

Gemma smiles at Simon. He smiles, gestures. Go on then.

GEMMA

We were on holiday in Greece. On the beach, and he goes in for what I can only assume was meant to be a paddle -

Neil smirks.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

...two minutes later I look over, realise he's been swept out, and he's drowning. So I leave our stuff, run to help -

NEIL

Baywatch.

GEMMA

Baywatch, right - exactly -

NEIL

Slow motion.

ANNA

(to Neil)

You can stop thinking about it now.

GEMMA

I swim over, get him back to the shore, and he's fine. But of course he's coughing, wheezing, playing it up -

SIMON

It was real, actually. And very humiliating. We'd only been together a month or two -

GEMMA

Three months.

SIMON

Yeah right, but here's the thing, I can hardly breathe, I nearly died -

ANNA

(mocking)

'Nearly died'?

SIMON

Yeah, but what happened made me realise she was the one. This is her and I don't ever want to let her go. Clever, funny -

(to Neil)

Hot in a bikini -

Anna shoots a look at Neil.

SIMON (CONT'D)
- but also back then: Bright.
Red. Hair.

ANNA
You didn't!

GEMMA
It was a phase.

SIMON
That night I proposed.

ANNA
Right! So that was -

SIMON
Yeah.

GEMMA
And for some reason I said yes.

NEIL
(to Simon)
You did well.
(to Gemma)
You didn't.

GEMMA
You should learn to swim
properly.

SIMON
I'm fine.

ANNA
Yeah! I'll teach you! Arm bands!

She laughs.

NEIL

Don't bother, mate. When I hit forty I gave up on a whole load of stuff. Never gonna. Don't wanna.

ANNA

So how are you feeling about your birthday party?

SIMON

Good, I think. I'm not being told any details so -

NEIL

I'm in charge of the barbecue mate, so that's all you really need to know.

ANNA

Alert the authorities!

Simon and Anna laugh together. Complicit.

NEIL

Yeah yeah...

Anna laughs more, and touches Simon's arm. Gemma notices this... a closeness between them.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

In the background we see the dinner continuing in the dining room - everyone a little more drunk

now. Gemma comes into the kitchen, picks up her wine glass from the table, opens the fridge, takes a bottle and fills it up. She stands for a moment. Worried. Rubbing the fingers on her left hand together. Then shuts the fridge door - revealing Anna, who's come in from the dining room.

GEMMA
(shocked)

Oh! I didn't see you.

ANNA
The canapés are my first priority now I'm back, so if it's the canapés that were bothering you, it, it's all fine.

GEMMA
It's not the canapés.

ANNA
No.

Gemma looks at Anna. It's all she's thinking about and she can't help but say it...

GEMMA
I found a long blonde hair on Simon's scarf.

ANNA
A long blonde hair?

GEMMA
Yeah.

ANNA

And you think he's been with
someone else?

GEMMA

I don't...

ANNA

A long blonde woman?

GEMMA

Paranoid. I know.

ANNA

Lots of people have blonde hair.

GEMMA

It's just I've never -

ANNA

(dead straight)

I mean I'm sleeping with Simon,
it's probably mine.

Gemma stares at her. Is she actually admitting...?

ANNA (CONT'D)

I'm joking! God you are worried.
Look, I mean, it doesn't even
have to be a woman. Men can be
blond.

(beat)

Horses?

Anna smiles. More sympathetic now.

GEMMA

It's just once you have the
thought...

ANNA

Do you trust him?

GEMMA

Yes. Yes.

ANNA

Then trust him, otherwise you'll
start checking his phone, his
pockets. You two are fantastic.
The hair... is just a hair.

Gemma smiles, and Anna hugs her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(releasing the hug)

Now I see what you've done with
your wine glass and I approve.
You work too hard. Wine is good.
Come on.

Anna goes back through to the dining room. Gemma notices Simon's mobile phone on the side. She looks at it and then at the other three in the dining room. As Anna sits, she reaches into her bag, takes out some lip salve and applies it, as she joins the conversation. Gemma watches her interact with Simon for a bit. Gemma glances down at the phone again... then leaves it, goes through to join the others.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

From the kitchen, Gemma and Simon say goodbye to Neil and Anna, then shut the front door. Gemma

turns and wanders back to the kitchen. Simon follows.

SIMON

Fun.

GEMMA

Yeah.

She goes to the dishwasher and starts loading it. Not the reaction Simon was expecting. He puts the kettle on.

SIMON

Have I done something?

GEMMA

What?

SIMON

You're acting like I've done something wrong.

Gemma stops and turns back to him.

GEMMA

Tired.

He goes to her.

SIMON

Love you.

GEMMA

(smiles)

You go up. I'll make tea.

They kiss and after a second he kisses her hand.

He looks at her, then goes, unsure.

Simon's mobile is on the side. She looks at it, sat there.

She gets some mugs out, and the sugar.

...The mobile is still there.

She puts teabags in the cups. Stands for a moment as the kettle boils. Nothing else to do...

She's tempted by the mobile.

She goes to it, swipes it... and reveals:

A photo of her and Simon, completely in love. It's the background on the phone. She feels self-conscious and idiotic, puts it down.

We stay focused on it, as in the background, she takes the tea out, turns off the light, and closes the door. A beat - is it the end of the scene?

Then the door immediately reopens, the lights back on, she puts the tea back down, and picks up the mobile.

She starts properly looking through it...

INT. THE SURGERY. OFFICE/STAFFROOM. DAY

Gemma makes coffee. Ros has a sandwich.

ROS

I've got lip salve.

GEMMA

Yeah I know.

ROS

And what else? A blonde hair,
and nothing on his phone. That's
it.

GEMMA

Of course there's nothing. I
shouldn't have even looked but -

ROS

What?

GEMMA

His assistant went blonde
recently.

ROS

So you're saying -

GEMMA

Yeah, they're either definitely
sleeping together or she once
hung up his scarf.

ROS

This isn't like you.

GEMMA

Simon's never home until half-
seven, he says that's when he
finishes work...

ROS

(humouring her)

Okay...

GEMMA

But I met his assistant at the school gate and she said she locks up the office at five to pick up her daughter. So what is he doing in those two and a half hours?

ROS

Well he's not with her if she's picking up her daughter.

GEMMA

Yeah, I know. Then I thought it could be Anna.

(beat)

I know. It's just a feeling.

ROS

Are you drinking more coffee than usual?

GEMMA

No.

ROS

You're acting like you're drinking more coffee than you should.

GEMMA

(smiles, reassuring Ros)

I'm sorry. I'm fine. Crisis over.

ROS

Good.

As Ros turns and walks away, Gemma's smile drops. She's not reassured at all.

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Close on Gemma glancing at the clock. It says 4.30 p.m.

She's opposite Gordon who has come back.

GORDON

I googled for rashes.

He hands her a small pile of A4 sheets.

GORDON (CONT'D)

And as you can see, skin irritations can look very different but none of them are anything like what I've got.

GEMMA

I only gave you the cream yesterday.

GORDON

It doesn't work.

GEMMA

You're supposed to allow a week.

GORDON

Okay but if it's going to have an effect in a week I should see some improvement by now and there's nothing.

Gemma turns away, frustrated.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I've also stopped using the washing powder as you advised, but there's no evidence so far that -

Gemma suddenly sighs very loudly and very pointedly. Gordon stops. Surprised.

GEMMA

You'll have to leave, I'm afraid I'm not feeling very well.

GORDON

But you're a doctor.

GEMMA

(packing up her things)
Ironic.

GORDON

What is it? What's wrong with you?

GEMMA

I'm running a temperature, and I feel quite sick, and... to be honest, I've got a suspicion that whatever it is... it's probably contagious...

Gordon's horrified.

INT. THE SURGERY. WAITING AREA. OFFICE. DAY

We see Gordon hurriedly leaving. Gemma follows him, now in her coat, bag in hand and a pile of folders. She comes past the reception desk, and speaks to Julie.

GEMMA

Got to head off - problem with Tom at school. I'll catch up on paperwork at home. Can you call the last few, reallocate or put them off?

JULIE

No problem.

Gemma leaves. As she does, Ros looks up from the back office having heard the whole thing...

EXT. THE SURGERY CAR PARK. DAY

Gemma comes out, in a hurry, heading for her car, but she bumps into Carly who's on her way in.

CARLY

Oh, are you leaving? I wanted to see you. It's urgent.

GEMMA

Then you need to call first thing.

CARLY

The not-sleeping is medical.
I've got back pain.

GEMMA

Tried paracetamol?

CARLY

I have but I need something
stronger.

GEMMA

How about a benzodiazepine? That
sound like the right sort of
thing?

CARLY

(acting innocent)

I don't know... yeah, what's
a...

GEMMA

It's a muscle relaxant.
Essentially a sleeping pill. You
didn't mention this back pain
yesterday Carly, I think you've
been on the internet. Why do you
really need the pills?

CARLY

I can't. Sleep.

Gemma stops and looks at her. Even now she'll give
her time.

GEMMA

You can tell me anything at all.
You know that.

Carly wants to be honest, but doesn't reply.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Book an appointment when you're
ready to trust me.

Gemma gets in her car, leaving Carly annoyed.

EXT. SIMON'S OFFICE BLOCK. DAY

Gemma is in her car, on the phone, across the street from the office block. Her voice on the phone is light, and casual, in contrast to her clear physical anxiety.

ANNA (V.O.)
Hello?

GEMMA
Anna. It's me. Hi!

ANNA (V.O.)
Hey...

GEMMA
I don't know if you're... around
or what you're doing at the
moment? But Tom needs picking up
from school, I'm stuck at work.

ANNA (V.O.)
You mean this afternoon?

GEMMA

Yeah.

ANNA (V.O.)

I'm sure I can. What time exactly?

GEMMA

Half-past?

As Gemma talks, Becky and Simon come out of the office, say goodbye and head towards their respective cars in the car park.

ANNA (V.O.)

Just outside the front?

GEMMA

Yeah.

Gemma stares at Simon as he goes to his car - suddenly emotional - has he really been lying to her?

ANNA (V.O.)

No problem. I'll take him back to mine.

GEMMA

You're a star.

ANNA (V.O.)

I'll see you later.

GEMMA

Yeah.

ANNA (V.O.)

Bye.

GEMMA

Bye then, bye.

As Becky's car drives past Gemma slumps down in the seat a little, to hide.

She sits back up, as Simon's car leaves the car park. She starts her engine, pulls out, and follows him, at a distance.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARMINSTER STREET. DAY

Simon's car drives through the town. A couple of cars behind, Gemma follows.

EXT. PARMINSTER STREET. DAY

Simon pulls up on the road outside a supermarket.

Gemma slows, then pulls up further up the road, and watches as Simon gets out of the car, and goes into the supermarket.

Gemma sits and waits.

She looks at the time. Taps the dashboard. Checks her phone.

She tries to relax, sits back in the seat -

Suddenly a bang on the car window! She looks round.

It's Jack - the absentee doctor. He's sixty, in an old jumper and coat. He's been shopping. Gemma lowers the window, worried Simon might come back out of the supermarket and look over because of the noise.

JACK

You want me gone.

GEMMA

I'm not getting into it now.

JACK

Why not?

GEMMA

Because we're talking through a car window. We're due to have a meeting, let's have that meeting.

JACK

I saved someone's life last night in the pub, this young man was in pain. I examined him, he had appendicitis. He's alive because of me.

GEMMA

I'm pleased to hear it.

JACK

I'm still a doctor.

Gemma sees Simon come out of the supermarket, with a bunch of flowers. She turns.

GEMMA

Shit.

JACK

(following her eyeline)

What?

Gemma presses a button, the window rises.

Jack watches her as she starts to well up. She wipes her eyes quickly, starts the engine, and goes after Simon's car, which has pulled away.

Jack watches her go.

The sound of thunder -

EXT. PARMINSTER ROAD. DAY

It's started to rain. Gemma has the windscreen wipers on. She's thinking...

FLASHBACK:

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Gemma picks up the lip salve that has fallen out of Simon's pocket.

FLASHBACK:

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Gemma touches the blonde hair on Simon's scarf.
She twists it round her fingers.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Gemma's remembering, panicking.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. Highbrook School. DAY

Gemma meets Becky outside school.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

Anna looking at Simon.

FLASHBACK:

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. DAY

Simon and Gemma make love.

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Simon turns off. Into a private drive. A sign says 'Bridewell - Residential Care Home for the Elderly'. Realising, Gemma pulls up and doesn't follow his car down the drive. Ridiculous. She should have known! She rests her forehead on the wheel. Idiot!

INT. BRIDEWELL. LOUNGE. DAY

Bridewell is a well-run nursing home, as comfortable as somewhere like this could be. Helen, Simon's mother, is sat in a wheelchair.

Helen is suffering after having a stroke. It paralysed much of her left side. It has no noticeable effect on her speech, but causes huge amounts of pain - like a migraine - all the time. Recently, it's been getting worse. She's very still, quiet - keen for interaction but we can see it's a real effort.

Simon sits with his mum. The flowers on the side nearby. There's no one else in the lounge at the moment.

Gemma enters, wet from the rain, and stands by the door.

GEMMA

Hi, Helen.

Simon turns. Surprised. Gemma goes to Helen, kisses her.

HELEN

(smiles a little)

I didn't know you were here.

GEMMA

Just arrived.

HELEN

Alright?

GEMMA

Yeah, absolutely. How are you?

SIMON

Not a good night, was it Mum?

Helen wells up, she can't bear to think about it.

GEMMA

I'll speak to Doctor Barton and maybe we can make you more comfortable.

HELEN

(takes her hand)

Thanks.

GEMMA

I'm sorry, Helen, I don't mean to be rude. But would you just give us a minute? I need to check something.

Helen stares at her, smiles a little.

SIMON

(to Helen)

I must be in trouble.

Simon stands, and moves out, with Gemma into the corridor -

INT. BRIDEWELL. CORRIDOR. DAY

Gemma and Simon move a little away from Helen's room.

SIMON

Shouldn't you be picking up Tom?

GEMMA

Anna's doing it.

SIMON

Why? What's the matter?

GEMMA

(beat)

The thing is you don't get home till half-seven and Becky says that she locks up at five, so I couldn't work out what you were doing for two and half hours each day.

SIMON

What I was doing?

GEMMA

So I followed you.

SIMON

I come here, that's what I do.

GEMMA

Every day?

SIMON

Most days at the moment yeah,
last couple of months, she's
worse so -

GEMMA

Why didn't you tell me?

SIMON

It's not a secret.

GEMMA

But you never mentioned it.

SIMON

Okay. Sorry.

(as if it's just sinking in)

You followed me?

(beat)

What did you think I was doing?

Gemma doesn't reply.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Is everything alright?

GEMMA

I just got worried. I... it
doesn't matter. We should...

She goes back to Helen's room. Simon looks at her
a moment, then follows.

INT. BRIDEWELL. LOUNGE. DAY

As Simon and Gemma enter they both put the smiles back on.

HELEN

All sorted out?

GEMMA

Absolutely! I've got to head off.

HELEN

Alright.

GEMMA

Got to pick Tom up.

INT. BRIDEWELL. RECEPTION DESK. DAY

Gemma makes her way from the lounge heading out. She stops at the reception desk. There's no one there at the moment, but she knows the drill. She takes the visitors' book, and writes the time she's leaving. She then turns to go -

Almost does, but then has a thought. She can't resist.

She goes back to the look at the book - sees Simon's name today, then looks over the last week - around 5.30 p.m. The previous day - he's not there. The day before, nothing. The day before... nothing.

Pages and pages and she can't find his name.

She keeps looking, until a nurse comes out to sit at the desk and smiles.

NURSE

Alright?

GEMMA

Does everyone have to sign in and out here?

NURSE

Absolutely. Fire regulation. We got pulled up on it last year. You done it?

GEMMA

Yeah. Yes. I'm... Thanks.

She turns and walks out of the home, devastated. He's been lying to her.

EXT. BRIDEWELL

The rain is pouring down. Gemma dashes to the car and gets in. Switches on the engine, and gets the windscreen wipers going.

As the windscreen clears, she can see Simon and Helen in the lounge, through the window. Simon is talking to Helen passionately, about something. Helen just listens.

She could go and confront him right now. But she has an idea, makes a decision, puts the car in gear, and drives off, fast.

We CUT TO -

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. RECEPTION. DAY

An unlocking - then the door opens. Gemma's with a security guard (Dennis) who's just unlocked the door for her - which says 'Simon Foster Property Development Ltd.'

The reception has Becky's desk, a few chairs to wait, a water cooler and some generic Ikea art on the walls.

GEMMA

Nightmare! He's such an idiot!

Thanks Dennis. Sorry.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY

The door to Simon's reception closes behind Gemma. It's amazing how rarely she's been in here. A new computer, with Post-it notes on top. Filing cabinets in the corner. On the wall, a large set of designs for Academy Green. Some concept pictures, a prototype sales document. Pictures and drawings of ideas, other potential developments - Simon's dreams.

A photo of the family on the desk. The three of them.

We jump cut as Gemma searches - opens drawers, looks on the wall. But she doesn't find anything unusual.

On the desk is a pad - with doodles - Simon designing buildings himself -

She sits and wakes up the computer.

She sees an icon entitled 'Simon Schedule'. Clicks on it. Looks through it. There are sections in red - at the end of each day between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m., but also other times, including tomorrow at 3 p.m. - labelled 'Simon unavailable'. This worries Gemma - a lot.

She clicks print, then collects the printed schedule from the printer, folds that up, and puts it away.

Then she goes back out to Becky's office -

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. RECEPTION. DAY

- and looks around. On the coat hook, by the door, she spots a black laptop bag - she goes over, searches the main compartment, there's nothing inside.

She opens a side pocket - feels something...

She takes out some condoms.

Looks at them.

Proof. No question about this.

Suddenly the door opens. She thrusts them back in the bag, just as Becky appears - surprised. With her, is her daughter, Isobel.

BECKY

Oh. Hi.

She sees Gemma with her hand in the bag. She looks over and sees Simon's door unlocked. Gemma's not sure if Becky saw the condoms...

GEMMA

Hi, I was looking for Simon's schedule. Couldn't find it anywhere. Sorry - is this his bag?

BECKY

...it's mine.

GEMMA

Yours?

(sceptical)

Sorry.

She puts it back where she found it.

BECKY

I only came back cos I left some notes -

GEMMA

Dennis let me in.

BECKY

I pick up Isobel and Simon...
he's normally gone by five so -

GEMMA

(confidentially)

To be honest, that's what I was counting on.

(getting into her stride)

We haven't been away in ages as a family and I thought I could book a surprise holiday, but I need his schedule to know when he's free so that's why I'm sneaking around. I didn't want him to find out.

A moment. Does she believe her...?

Then Becky smiles, relieved.

BECKY

That's really nice.

GEMMA

Well...

BECKY

Well I'll tell you what - I'll go through, and email you some weeks that might work. Is that okay?

GEMMA

Perfect.

BECKY

Just saves you going through the whole thing.

(beat)

I assume you'd rather I didn't mention it?

GEMMA
(smiling, persuasive)
Is that okay?

CUT TO -

EXT. PARMINSTER. TOWN CENTRE ROAD. NIGHT

Simon, Gemma and Tom are walking from the car to the restaurant. Simon's effusive. Gemma's a little short with him.

SIMON
I'd love to open a restaurant
one day. We'd serve just two
things, but do them really well,
like lamb and carrots.

TOM
Dad, that's a really bad idea.

SIMON
Why?

TOM
What if you didn't like lamb or
carrots?

SIMON
Then you don't come.
(to Gemma)
What's this place called?

GEMMA
Ciao.

SIMON

And it's owned by a patient?

GEMMA

Yes, Susie Parks. She's nice,
and I didn't think I could -

SIMON

Susie Parks?

GEMMA

Yeah.

SIMON

Her husband is Chris Parks?

GEMMA

Yes, yes I think so.

SIMON

Chris Parks, he's... I've told
you about him, he's given me
advice, helped me out.

GEMMA

Right... well this is their new
place. Opening tonight.

SIMON

Amazing!

Gemma smiles a little and turns to walk on, but
Simon takes her hand - suddenly intimate, and
sincere.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

GEMMA

What for?

SIMON

I know I'm working long hours at the moment, away a lot, but I really appreciate you supporting me. And once this project's up and running, I promise, it'll be worth it.

Tom's walked on ahead. He turns round and calls to them.

TOM

You coming?!

GEMMA

(to Simon)

Don't worry about it. Come on, we're late.

He smiles and they walk on.

Gemma's heard everything he's said, but she's not placated at all.

CUT TO -

INT. CIAO RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Simon, Gemma and Tom are sat with Ros, at a round table in the very busy restaurant. It's the official opening. Decorations. Buzzy atmosphere. Ros is slightly more dressed up than most and is

sat between Gemma and Tom. Gemma's edgy, her emotions close to the surface now.

Chris and Susie come over, dressed up. Everyone stands, smiles.

SIMON

We only just made the connection!

SUSIE

Me too! Foster and Foster. Really should've worked that one out. Gemma this is my husband Chris. Chris this is the Doctor Foster.

CHRIS

Susie's told me everything you've done. Thank you so much.

GEMMA

(shakes it off)

Oh. Well... This is Ros Mahendra, my colleague.

ROS

Hello.

SUSIE

Yes, I've seen you a few times.

GEMMA

And Tom.

TOM

Hi.

SUSIE

Make sure you stay for pudding,
chocolate cake's to die for!

SIMON

(flirty)

Did you make it yourself Susie?

SUSIE

(laughing)

I might've helped with the
recipe...

SIMON

(to both of them, trying hard)
You've worked wonders with this
place, I don't recognise it.

CHRIS

(slightly performing. He's done this speech a
number of times tonight)

Yes, we want that family feel,
obviously it's not our first one
- we've got five now - but it's
where we live, it's our home, so
it's important it has that
personal touch. We're all
mucking in. I'm out front,
Susie's
keeping an eye in the kitchen.

SUSIE

Best as I can!

CHRIS

And this is our youngest Andrew
who's serving food...

We see Andrew, a young teenager in a Ciao uniform (black polo shirt, black jeans) delivering a dish to a table.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And Kate's about somewhere...

We, and they, through some tables, see Kate on the far side of the room. She looks about seventeen, stropky, also in a uniform, hair tied back, awkwardly pouring some water out. Meanwhile Gemma is watching Chris, Susie and Simon, suspicious of all of them.

ROS

Child labour. I thoroughly approve.

SUSIE

Absolutely!

GEMMA

You should all come tomorrow, so we can return the favour.

SUSIE

Tomorrow?

GEMMA

Simon's fortieth, tomorrow evening at The Artichoke.

SUSIE

(surprised)

You're forty?

SIMON

Unfortunately...

SUSIE

Oh, we'd love to!

CHRIS

Absolutely. Why not! We'll be there.

(he needs to move on)

Anyway, have a great evening.

SUSIE

(looking at Simon)

So good to see you.

SIMON

Thanks Susie. You too. Love this place.

SUSIE

You're a sweetheart.

Susie reaches out and touches Simon's shoulder.
Familiar.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Bye.

They leave to continue mingling. Simon eagerly watches them go. Gemma notices this - her anger building.

ROS

This used to be a pub. And it was nasty. What was it? The Honey...

SIMON

The Beehive.

ROS

The Beehive! That was the only place that you could get served if you were underage. Landlord didn't care. We came here quite a bit, didn't we, back then?

GEMMA

(standing up)

Excuse me.

EXT. CIAO RESTAURANT. A SIDE ALLEY. NIGHT

Gemma is outside. As the fresh air hits her, she breathes deeply. She's finding it very difficult to be at the same table as her husband.

She can see across the town square - The Rose and Crown pub.

Outside are smokers. One of them looks familiar - it's Carly who's in a uniform for the pub. Obviously she works there. Gemma turns away to go back inside, but -

CARLY

Hey!

Close on Gemma as she stops. She's got no choice - she has to turn back. Carly's coming over to her, smoking a cigarette.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

GEMMA

Yeah, fine thanks.

CARLY

What's all this?

GEMMA

New restaurant. You work at The Crown?

CARLY

Yeah.

(beat)

You look stressed mate.
(holds up a packet of cigarettes)
Want one?

Gemma looks at the packet. Tempted. Carly sees.

GEMMA

Haven't for years.

CARLY

Used to though?

GEMMA

My husband helped me stop.

But she's still looking at it.

CARLY

(knowing)

Won't kill you.

Gemma lights a cigarette easily and habitually.
Enjoys it - calms down.

Behind them, across the square, we see a lad
(Daniel) outside the pub - shouting, standing on a

chair hugging another man. He shouts 'Have it!'

CARLY (CONT'D)

That's Daniel. My boyfriend.
He's got a new job. Celebrating.

Carly looks at her for a moment, and can see Gemma's opinion of him.

CARLY (CONT'D)

And yes he's a twat, but not a
bad one as they go.

Gemma's enjoying the smoke - full of thoughts.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You alright?

Gemma looks at her - she genuinely seems to care.
Gemma breathes out. What the hell? Why not?

GEMMA

I'm pretty sure my husband is
sleeping with someone else.

CARLY

Oh.

(beat)

Why? Have you seen him out with
her?

GEMMA

No -

CARLY

Found emails or whatever?

GEMMA

No.

CARLY

Only cos you better be sure before you say something. My mate Bromley threw her boyfriend out cos he lied about where he was one afternoon. Only thing was, he was shopping for her birthday present. Two weeks later they split up. Couldn't trust each other after that.

(pause)

You going back in?

GEMMA

Yeah.

CARLY

Then you'll want one of these.

She gives Gemma some gum. Gemma chews it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

And some of this.

She takes out some perfume and sprays. Gemma's startled for a moment, then smiles. She likes Carly. She's surprising.

GEMMA

Thanks.

CARLY

No worries.

Carly turns and walks back across the square. Daniel spots her.

DANIEL

Where the fuck have you been?

She gives him the finger, and carries on into the pub. Gemma watches for a moment, then turns and goes back in the restaurant.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOSTER HOUSE. NIGHT

The house that night. A couple of lights on upstairs.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. TOM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Tom's room is reasonably tidy. Posters of footballers on the wall, also posters from films, computer games. Gemma sits on the bed, saying goodnight to Tom.

Simon appears in the doorway.

SIMON

Night mate.

TOM

Night.

GEMMA

Sleep well.

TOM

Already asleep.

GEMMA

Dream good then. Love you, Tom.

TOM

Love you too.

He turns over in bed. Gemma looks at her son - sad.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

It's quiet now. Gemma comes in. Simon's in bed.

She gets in. He kisses her. She tries to engage but something's stopping her... and he notices.

SIMON

What?

GEMMA

Nothing.

We CUT TO -

Gemma and Simon having sex. Him on top. A similar shot to the opening scene - of her head on the pillow. But this time, we move closer in on her eyes, watching him.

Then close on him, from her POV. His eyes closed. What's he thinking? Who's he thinking of?

Later - he turns over and goes to sleep, switching off his side light, but Gemma's wide awake, leaves her light on - she's angry - she wants to know the truth.

Later - Gemma still not sleeping. She gets up.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Gemma's sat on the sofa with her laptop. The light from the screen on her face. Her fingers typing lightly on the keys.

We see what she's typing into a search engine.

'Cheating Husband'

We see the results. 'The truth about cheating husbands' / 'How to tell if your husband is cheating'

In the pictures section at the top, we might notice a small picture of a car with 'HOPE SHE WAS WORTH IT' spraypainted on to it.

But Gemma's attention is drawn to a line which just says - 'Is it my love? Ask again that question.'

She clicks on it, and we find a page titled *The Mourning Bride* - and underneath a quote -

We go back to Gemma as she reads - closer and closer on her -

A V/O as she reads, which continues into the next scenes.

She takes it down, opens the top of the box.

GEMMA (V.O.)

Is it my love? Ask again that question.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Gemma opens a cupboard. In the cupboard is a large white box. In pen, written on it - 'Don't Touch'.

She takes it down, opens the top of the box.

GEMMA (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Speak again in that soft voice.

It's Simon's birthday cake - in icing 'HAPPY 40th BIRTHDAY.' She stares at it.

GEMMA (CONT'D) (V.O.)

*And look again with wishes in
thy eyes. Oh no. Thou can't
not.*

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Gemma stands with the door open, watching Simon, on his back, asleep in bed.

GEMMA (CONT'D) (V.O.)

*Can't thou forgive me then?
Wilt thou believe so kindly of
my fault, to call it madness? Oh
give that madness yet a milder
name. And call it passion.*

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Gemma, the next day, at her desk. She's looking at pictures on her phone - continuing from the feel of the previous scene - pictures of her, Simon and

Tom, in different places, the last ten years in pictures. The voice-over continues.

GEMMA (CONT'D) (V.O.)

*Then be still more kind and call
that passion love.*

A knock on the door, and Gemma puts her phone down.

The door opens and Carly comes in, sits down, apprehensively. She looks very tired, strung out.

Gemma glances at the framed picture of her, and Simon on her desk.

CARLY

Is everything okay?

GEMMA

Yes, it's nothing to worry about. I know we called, said it was urgent, but it's because I wanted to speak to you this morning.

CARLY

Nah, I meant you. Your eyes are red.

Gemma looks at her for a moment. Then continues.

GEMMA

Are you still having difficulty sleeping?

CARLY

(sad)

Yeah.

GEMMA

Well I'm going to give you the
pills that you've asked for.
Only a few. See if it helps.

CARLY

(some life now)

Oh.

GEMMA

But I need something in return.

Gemma gets out the schedule and puts it on the
table. An entry marked 'Simon unavailable' is
ringed in pen - for 3 p.m. today.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

A favour.

EXT. SIMON'S OFFICE BLOCK. DAY

Carly waits at the wheel of an old Fiat. She's got
the window down and is smoking.

Simon emerges from the office block. Carly looks
down at her phone where there's a photo of Simon.
She checks it - same person. She starts the engine
-

EXT. SANDBRIDGE HOUSES. DAY

Simon's car has pulled up outside some new-build,
relatively posh houses. Each with their own front

door.

Carly parks a little way off. She watches as Simon gets out, opens the boot, grabs a backpack from inside, then runs to one of the houses, opens the door with a key, and goes in.

Carly gets her phone and texts.

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Gemma is examining a serious man's elbow. She gets the text, keeps one hand on the elbow, and picks up her phone with the other. Reads it.

'He's gone into a house near Sandbridge, by the river'

The serious man clears his throat, pointedly.

GEMMA

Sorry...

She puts the phone down, and continues with the examination... but now very concerned...

INT. CARLY'S CAR. SANDBRIDGE HOUSES. DAY

Carly watches the house, as the curtains upstairs are drawn.

She reaches into her bag, grabs her phone, opens up a game, sits back, and waits.

INT. THE SURGERY. MEETING ROOM. DAY

Ros and Nick are sat behind a table, like in an interview. There is a chair for Gemma in the middle, which she heads for, and unpacks her stuff.

ROS

I assume you'll lead?

GEMMA

Sure.

Nick goes out of the room. Ros turns to Gemma, who's looking at the paperwork, and occasionally checking her phone.

ROS

Are you okay?

GEMMA

Yeah.

She smiles and goes back to the papers. Ros is worried.

A moment, then Nick comes in. Jack behind him.

NICK

Jack, come in please. Would you take a seat.

Jack sits down - staring at them across the table. Hostile.

JACK

Enjoying this?

GEMMA

Of course not.

JACK

Why do you need three of you?

NICK

We're the partners in the practice, it's standard procedure.

JACK

Who makes the decisions?

ROS

We all do.

JACK

But who do I talk to?

GEMMA

Jack, you know full well. I'm senior partner.

JACK

I've been a family doctor thirty-five years. I am respected in this town.

GEMMA

Of course -

JACK

And I have seen this place change from a practice where the doctors knew the patients, and had time to look after them, to

an institution, where it's just about efficiency, management. We are supposed to work to the maxim first do no harm. Well let me tell you, harm has most certainly been done -

GEMMA

Can I interrupt?

JACK

No, you wait.

GEMMA

I have a question.

JACK

I've told you, I'm going to speak -

GEMMA

Have you been drinking today?

JACK

What?

GEMMA

Because I can smell it.

A moment. For the first time Jack's a little uncomfortable.

JACK

Don't see why I shouldn't, I'm not at work. The fact is I disagree with the way things are run -

GEMMA

No -

JACK

What?

GEMMA

You don't disagree with the way things are run, you disagree with me, you're offended because I'm a thirty-seven-year-old woman, not from round here, good at my job, and when our former senior partner retired he chose me rather than you to take over.

NICK

Shall we stick to the procedure?

GEMMA

(to Jack)

You don't like me.

JACK

That's right. But it's not because you're a woman, or from somewhere else. When you arrived I was happy to give you a chance. But I've gone off you, Gemma, because it's all gone to your head - you think you're so clever.

A moment.

GEMMA

We have to let you go.

JACK

No shit.

GEMMA

You've had three formal warnings
-

JACK

I'll tell you what happens to
arrogant people -

GEMMA

- you are suspended immediately
pending a formal dismissal.

JACK

They end up alone.

A beat - Gemma looks at him - shocked - the others
look to her to reply - but she doesn't...

NICK

Alright, let's just calm down -

JACK

It's alright. I've got the idea.

NICK

Jack!

He leaves. Gemma is upset.

ROS

Never seen you like that.

Gemma's mobile rings, she looks at it - Carly.

GEMMA

Excuse me.

She answers it and leaves the room.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Yes.

INT. THE SURGERY. CORRIDOR. DAY

Gemma comes out into the corridor. We stay on Gemma, only hearing Carly's voice now.

CARLY (V.O.)

He was in there half an hour,
with the curtains closed and now
they've both come out. He's
saying goodbye -

GEMMA

Get a picture.

CARLY (V.O.)

I'm too far away. They're...
they're kissing.

Gemma tilts slightly against the wall - runs her hand down it, looking for something to hold on to - to steady herself. It's really hitting her now. She's having this huge moment of betrayal in a GP surgery corridor.

CARLY (CONT'D) (V.O.)

You still there?

GEMMA

What does she look like?

CARLY (V.O.)

Your height. Blonde. She's
getting in her car. He's gone to
his -

GEMMA

How old?

CARLY (V.O.)

I can't see.

GEMMA

Take a picture.

CARLY (V.O.)

I can't.

GEMMA

You can. Take a picture. Take a
picture of anything.

CARLY (V.O.)

Okay.

And suddenly she's hung up. Gemma's left in the
corridor, absolutely shocked. Puts a hand to her
head - runs it through her hair. A moment. The
life she thought she had is now completely over -
blood rushing - panic -

Nick comes out of the meeting room. Gemma pulls
herself together quickly.

NICK

I'm going to do the minutes now.
I wasn't sure if we'd finished?

GEMMA
(hurried)

Yes, I think so.

NICK

Okay.

Nick walks away. The phone buzzes. A text. She opens it - a picture. A green car driving away. We can't see who's driving but the number plate is clear.

The phone rings again. Carly.

Gemma answers.

GEMMA

Yes.

CARLY (V.O.)

It was all I could get. Sorry.
Looks like you were right.

(beat)

You want to know who it is?

GEMMA

What?

CARLY (V.O.)

I can find out.

CUT TO -

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

Gemma pulls up at her house, in her car. Carly is across the road in her car. As Tom gets out, Gemma opens the front door.

GEMMA

(to Tom)

You go inside, love. I, I just need to speak to my friend... Don't forget the cake, it's on the table.

Tom goes inside. Carly walks over, another fag, and with her phone out.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Well?

CARLY

I've got a mate down the pub, he's a desk sergeant so he can do the number plate.

(reading)

Susan... Parks.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY. GEMMA'S PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY

Susie smiling at Gemma.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

Gemma stares. Of course.

GEMMA

What?

FLASHBACK:

INT. CIAO RESTAURANT. NIGHT

Susie smiling at Simon.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

CARLY

You know who that is?

FLASHBACK:

INT. CIAO RESTAURANT NIGHT

Susie and Simon touch. Flirty.

BACK TO PRESENT:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

CARLY

What you gonna do?

GEMMA

It doesn't make sense...

Gemma reaches into her pocket, and pulls out a prescription she's written.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Here. Seven, for now. See how you go.

Carly takes it.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I assume that he wakes you up?

CARLY

(beat - realising Gemma understands)

I come back from work, and every night he is rowdy, up till the early morning. If I can get in and go straight to sleep... it makes it easier.

GEMMA

You don't have to stay with him.

CARLY

Yeah, I know.

She turns to go, and Gemma sees something on the back of her arm, just appearing beneath her short-sleeved shirt.

GEMMA

Carly... show me.

Carly rolls up her sleeve to reveal bruise marks where clearly someone has grabbed her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Did he do this?

(beat)

Carly?

CARLY

Last night. Yeah. He won't leave
me alone.

Gemma examines the bruise again. Anger rising. She
snatches the prescription back.

CARLY (CONT'D)

No wait! I need that...

GEMMA

Where is he?

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE. DAY

Gemma's car arrives, and parks in a side road made
up of small terraced houses. Carly parks behind
her. Gemma gets out of her car. Tom's in the
front, a birthday cake on his lap.

TOM

I thought we were going to the
party?

GEMMA

I need to do something first.

TOM

We'll be late.

GEMMA

Can't be helped.

Carly comes across and they walk away from the cars a little.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Number 7?

CARLY

What are you going to do?

GEMMA

Have a word.

CARLY

You don't know him.

GEMMA

It's your house? You want him to leave?

Carly doesn't answer for a moment - upset.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Right then.

Gemma runs her hand through her hair - roughing it up. She goes to the boot of her car and opens it. She gets a text on her phone - picks it up. It's from Simon - '*Where are you? x*'. She throws the phone down and grabs her doctor's bag.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

What's his full name?

CARLY

Daniel Spencer.

Gemma closes the boot of the car.

GEMMA

Any problems, drive away, take
Tom, call the police. Back in a
minute.

TOM

Mum! What are you doing?

GEMMA

House call.

CUT TO -

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Daniel Spencer, twenty-seven, is sat in the living
room with a bottle of beer, playing a video game.
The doorbell rings.

It rings again. He pauses the game reluctantly and
stands, goes over to the door, and opens it to
find Gemma.

The iconic shot of the show. On the doorstep. With
her doctor's bag. Her hair roughed up. Piercing
eyes.

GEMMA

Daniel Spencer?

DANIEL

Who are you?

GEMMA

I'm your doctor.

DANIEL

No, you're not.

GEMMA

I'm the senior partner so I have overall responsibility. Could I come in?

DANIEL

(letting her in)

Is this normal? Doctors calling round randomly?

GEMMA

Not at all.

(she comes into the room)

Perhaps you'd like to sit down?

DANIEL

Why?

GEMMA

I think you should.

Something in her tone makes him sit, empty beer cans around his feet.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You know what medical records are?

DANIEL

What?

GEMMA

We record every conversation that you have with your doctor and it stays on file. They can be extremely revealing. How's the new job? Responsibility.

DANIEL

What you talking about?

GEMMA

Occasionally these records get leaked and the wrong people get their hands on them - employers for instance. And they're full of the sorts of things that you wouldn't want people knowing - history of drug use, mental instability. I'm having one of these okay?

Gemma picks up some cigarettes from the arm of the chair. There's a lighter inside..

DANIEL

Who are you?

GEMMA

I'm Doctor Gemma Foster, head of Parminster Medical Practice. I'd let me finish.

(lights the cigarette)

I've seen Carly's arm.

DANIEL

(defiant)

Accident.

GEMMA

It's a very deep bruise.

Daniel stares at her. Threatening, but unsure.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You're going to leave. Get out
of her house.

DANIEL

None of your fucking business.

GEMMA

You should get help, come and
see me if you like. That's up to
you, but if, once you've left,
you go near her, if she even
sees you again, your employers
will receive a copy of your
medical records, and if they
don't contain anything
compromising already, I will
ensure that they are altered -
drug problems, injuries
suggesting a history of
violence. I'll go to the police
and I'll mention what I saw on
your girlfriend's arm and this
new career of yours will
stop, very suddenly.

DANIEL

They won't believe you.

GEMMA

I'm a doctor with ten years
experience. I'm a senior

manager, a school governor. In this town Daniel, people take me at my word.

DANIEL

You fucking bitch...

He steps forward and grabs her arm. She grabs his arm back, quickly takes the cigarette with the other hand, turns his hand over, and holds the tip just over his skin. He screams, scared and surprised -

GEMMA

You think it's okay to call women words like that: IT IS NOT.

A moment where she might burn him. Then she lets him go. He's terrified.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Daniel.

He's breathing, shocked.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

She'll send your things.

(beat)

Leave. Now.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE CARLY'S HOUSE. DAY

Daniel walks off quickly down the road.

Gemma watches him. Carly approaches.

CARLY

He'll come back.

GEMMA

Doubt it. If he does, give me a call - I'll set the police on him.

Gemma makes her way back to her car where Tom is waiting patiently.

CARLY

(aware of Tom)

About the other thing? Your thing.

GEMMA

What?

CARLY

You said you looked everywhere and never found anything... Well when I saw... what I saw earlier, he kept on going to his boot, in the car. So maybe, if you want to know what's been going on, look there.

Carly goes back to her house.

EXT. THE ARTICHOKE GARDEN. DAY

Gemma and Tom walk towards the party, from the parked car. Gemma's holding the cake, which is in a white box. The sun is shining - music plays -

there's a big banner up, a barbecue, manned by Neil - who waves to her. She forces a smile back.

There's also an outside bar, and already quite a few people milling about. Tom sees a couple of his friends and runs off.

Gemma quickly removes one of her earrings, just as Simon hurries over. He's stressed, whispering.

SIMON

Where've you been?

Gemma trying really hard not to cry.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What?

(beat)

What?

GEMMA

Could you give this to Anna?

She holds out the cake box. He takes it - a little touched.

SIMON

Right. Sorry... I just thought you'd be here...

GEMMA

Have you got the keys to your car? I'm missing an earring.

SIMON

Why do you need...

GEMMA

I've searched everywhere else.

SIMON

You look fine.

GEMMA

I know it's in there, I need it.

He looks at her for a second. She's resolute.

SIMON

Okay. Just... come back quickly,
yeah?

He gets the keys out of his pocket, gives them to her and then sees across the garden - Chris Parks arriving with Susie. Behind them are the two kids - but we can't see them clearly. Simon smiles broadly, and quickly makes his way across the garden to greet them. Gemma watches him with them...

He shakes hands with Chris, but then gives Susie a kiss, and a close hug - he says something in her ear, and she laughs, loudly.

Gemma wants to destroy her.

EXT. THE ARTICHOKE CAR PARK

Gemma walks up to Simon's car, and presses the button to open it. Then she goes straight to the boot. She opens it.

Nothing. Just an umbrella, an old map.

She shuts the boot, then opens the other doors - we cut quickly - her searching and searching - desperate. But the car is very clean. There's clearly nothing there.

She's about to give up. Then she has another thought.

She goes back to the boot. Opens it again, reaches down and pulls up the floor. Underneath, next to the spare wheel, is a backpack. She unzips it, and tips out what's inside. She quickly goes through it.

A T-shirt. A wallet with some cash, a single debit card in Simon's name, and a condom.

Then, underneath the T-shirt she finds a mobile phone.

She picks it up and presses to wake it up.

It works - immediately there's a picture - Simon and... Kate.

Chris and Susie's daughter - but now she doesn't look seventeen at all. She's in her mid-twenties. The picture is of Simon and her outside a beautiful house, in the sun, clearly on holiday.

Gemma looks over at the party, and sees Chris Parks, with his children - Andrew, as before, and... Kate. But now she's wearing her own clothes, she looks her real age (twenty-two). She's with her mum, Susie.

Gemma looks back down - flicks through the pictures... there's lots of them. Simon and Kate

as a couple in different places, fields, the beach, at the zoo. The next picture on the phone, with Kate and Simon, is Becky, with blonde hair, in a loose top - clearly on holiday. Gemma looks up - there at the party: Becky, chatting.

The next photo - around a wooden table in what looks like a big house in the warm countryside - there's Simon and Becky and... a couple looking relaxed - it's Neil and Anna, Simon's accountant and his wife, from across the road.

Gemma looks over at the party and sees Neil at the barbecue, with Anna, laughing.

Gemma doesn't know what to do. Suddenly feels very alone. She's about to put the phone away - then she thinks -

Opens text messages. A list of recipients. Amongst them -

From yesterday - Kate.

And... Ros.

She opens Ros's messages - the most recent is:

'Gemma's left work early. I think she's going to follow you.' (Before that we might see other messages. All very short and non-descript: *'You have to tell her.'* *'Simon call me.'*) There are other non-descript messages beforehand.

Gemma looks up and sees Ros handing a burger carefully to Tom.

She's seen enough. Devastated, she puts the phone, the T-shirt and wallet, back in the backpack, and zips it up.

She's crying now - almost convulsing, but aware she's in public. She doesn't know what to do. Panicking, she puts the backpack back in the boot compartment and shuts it. Then she shuts the boot, locks it and staggers over to her own car.

She opens it and opens her doctor's bag. Inside is a very sharp pair of scissors. She looks at them for a second, then slips them into her pocket.

Gemma puts her earring back on and walks into the garden. It's now packed full of people. Ros, from across the crowd, shouts very loudly -

ROS

Hey! Where have you been?

Everyone turns to look at her. Expectant. Happy. She looks across them all. Neil and Anna, tanned, standing together, Ros, looking expectant, Chris and Susie, with Andrew, and Kate.

ANNA

You alright?

Near the barbecue: Simon. He's staring at her. Wondering what she's doing, why's she being so weird -

Suddenly the cloth that Simon's holding catches fire.

SIMON

Shit -

He grabs it instinctively - throws it on the floor but has burnt his hand. He screams and everyone moves to help him.

CUT TO -

Gemma slowly finishing pouring water over his hand. He's acting like it really hurts.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm an idiot. Sorry.

He turns his left hand over. It's red from the burn, but not too bad.

GEMMA

I'll have to take this off.

She takes his wedding ring off, and gives it to him. Then she takes out a dressing and starts to apply it. Simon finds this extremely painful, and makes a noise. She cuts the dressing with the scissors.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

There.

SIMON

Maybe I'll leave the food to Neil. You alright?

Gemma puts the dressing back in her bag, but keeps the scissors in her hand, manoeuvring them round so they could be used to stab someone.

She stares at Simon. Real hatred... she might...

NEIL

Mate, if you've finished in the sick bay we need your attention over here for two seconds. Come on, best smile.

Neil taps him on the shoulder -

Simon stands, moving away from Gemma because appearing from the pub is his birthday cake - now with forty candles on it. Applause from everyone. Gemma watches him approach it - leave her behind. She still holds the scissors but the moment's gone, for now...

Simon blows out the candles. A cheer from everyone. Then calls for 'Speech!'

SIMON

Forty! Jesus! I would say thanks for coming but there's free booze, so I know why you're here.

(he points at Neil)

Especially you!

Everyone laughs a little. Neil holds up his beer and drinks.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm not really into speeches but I have to thank two people. At least want to do that. Firstly Tom - he's smart, he's well-behaved - most of the time - but better than that, and he won't like me saying this, but he's kind. He always wants people to be happy and he does his best to

make that happen. Sorry Tom! I'm embarrassing you I know, but I'm really so proud to be your dad.

More laughter. Tom's shy. Over the next section we favour Gemma, noting her reactions to what Simon's saying...

SIMON (CONT'D)

And the other person... Well... As you'll know I've lived most of my life here. Apart from five years in London, which I hated! But even so, I'm glad I went. Because in London I found Gemma and since then, I've never looked back. I'd be nothing without her. She's a wonderful mother, a talented doctor, and not a bad little earner! All my dreams, what I want, she never laughs, she just asks how she can help. And in return she's stuck with a middle-aged man. So, in sympathy and admiration, please be upstanding for a toast. To Gemma!

Everyone raises a glass and looks at Gemma.

ALL

To Gemma!

A round of applause, and more calls for a speech!

We go close on Gemma - what's she going to do?

Gemma turns around and stands in front of the people who have betrayed her. Simon looks at her expectantly.

She glances at Kate, who is not smiling, instead - applying some lip salve...

Then Gemma turns back to Simon. She looks strangely alone and vulnerable...

Gemma breathes out - swallows - looks like she's in pain - the crowd look worried, for the first time - is she okay?

Then she suddenly breaks into a smile, grabs Simon and passionately kisses him. The crowd cheers approvingly and applauds!

The party starts again - Simon walks away, mingling. Gemma watches him merge into the crowd. We move closer and closer in on her eyes -`

GEMMA (V.O)

*Hell! Hell. Yet I'll be calm.
Now the dawn begins... and the
slow hand of fate is stretched
to draw the veil, and leave thee
bare. Heaven has no rage, like
love to hatred turn'd...*

She stares - as everyone parties around her - no love in her eyes any more - something hard, and very different...

GEMMA (CONT'D) (V.O)

*Nor hell a fury, like a woman
scorned.*

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE TWO

EXT. THE ARTICHOKE GARDEN. DAY

The same action as the end of Episode One but now it looks different. We see all of this through Gemma's eyes. Whereas the end of Episode One was more held, still. Now it's unsteady, moving, swimming - real.

Close on Gemma. The sound of her own breathing. We move across the faces of these people who have betrayed her - Ros, Becky, Neil, Anna... and Simon.

They're all looking at her. Expectant. But she's not responding - is she okay?

Now we move back, seeing her alone amongst them. Betrayed.

A woman scorned...

CUT TO -

Thirty seconds later. The party's started again. We see it as Gemma does: loud. Gemma's putting on a front now - outwardly the same genial host as before, but we notice her fingers rubbing together - her hand touching her head -

She starts to walk through the party, looking around, for Kate - bumping into people. From the left, Ros bumps into her, holding three full champagne glasses. She offers one, but Gemma turns back in the direction she was heading - to find

Susie, Chris, Kate and Andrew, who have in fact come over to her.

Gemma's staring at Kate, about to tell her what she knows, but just as she's about to -

SIMON

(to Gemma)

There you are! We ought to cut the cake really. I thought you'd want to be there.

GEMMA

(tiny beat)

Of course.

SIMON

Excuse us.

CHRIS

Yeah, sure!

He leads Gemma away towards the cake. But Gemma can't hide it much longer - the tears rising. She's going to lose it - in front of everyone. She stops walking.

GEMMA

Sorry I'm not feeling well.

SIMON

You've only been here half an hour.

GEMMA

Not drunk, I just, feel sick. I could be sick. I should go home.

From across the party, where the cake is, a group of people, including Neil and Anna, are looking at them. We also start to notice music playing now - from an outdoor sound system, tinny pop ('Face to Face' by Gary Barlow and Elton John) but slowly getting louder - some people are even starting to dance now - the party's tipping into the evening...

NEIL

(shouting)

Come on you two!

SIMON

(shouting back)

Yeah, yeah!

NEIL

Come on!

SIMON

(to Gemma)

You wanna go now?

GEMMA

I'm really suffering.

SIMON

Is it serious?

GEMMA

No, I'm sure it'll be fine, I just... I just want to lie down.

SIMON

(disappointed)

After everything you've done?

In the background Neil...

NEIL

I'll do it myself!

Anna shushes him. The others around them laugh -

GEMMA

You carry on. There's no point
in spoiling it all. I'll take
Tom back. So you can enjoy
yourself.

SIMON

(beat)

Are you sure?

GEMMA

Absolutely.

She kisses him.

SIMON

(close and intimate)

I meant every word by the way.

He smiles, then goes off to Neil and Anna and the
others. Jokes with them. They laugh! The music
louder now -

We're close on Gemma - as she watches him with
Neil and Anna, who've betrayed her. How many more
know? She turns and we -

CUT TO -

EXT. THE ARTICHOKE CAR PARK. DAY

Tom follows Gemma to her car.

TOM

What now? You said we could
stay. I want to go back with
Dad. Mum? Mum!

Gemma starts the engine.

The car lurches back. Then shoots forward - roars
out of the car park. The left wing mirror smashes
into a post, and tumbles to the ground.

Through the dust, we find Ros, at the edge of the
car park.

Watching. Concerned.

EXT. GEMMA'S CAR. PARMINSTER. DAY

Engine sound - the streets rushing by. Tom looks
at where the wing mirror was.

TOM

You broke the mirror.

GEMMA

Yeah.

And now we're close on her. Determined and focused
-

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Gemma enters with Tom. He automatically takes off his coat and hangs it up. She puts on the kettle, turning away -

TOM

- a girl there, Isobel, her mum works for Dad, she said her parents got divorced last year. Her mum cries all the time.

GEMMA

What?

TOM

She was talking to me about her mum -

GEMMA

Why are you talking about divorce?

TOM

(beat)

I... don't know. We talked about loads of stuff.

Tom looks over at his mum, who's now staring at the front of the fridge - the montage of their life, that we saw at the beginning of Episode One. A photo of the three of them smiling, with Helen. A calendar of dates, stretching into the future.

TOM (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

GEMMA
(snapping back to the room)
Making a cup of tea. D'you want
something?

TOM
Can I have a Coke?

GEMMA
No. Squash?

TOM
Yeah, okay.

GEMMA
I'll bring it up.

TOM
Okay, thanks.

He turns to go.

GEMMA
Tom...

He turns back.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Love you.

He smiles, a little confused, then goes.

Leaving Gemma on her own. She circles for a moment. No idea what to do next. Then she calmly goes to the fridge front and takes down the photo, the calendar - then all the bits and pieces of their life, gathers them up, and puts them in the bin.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Gemma enters their room with two suitcases. Simon's stuff on the bedside table. She goes to the wardrobe. Gets out a suitcase, and starts to remove all Simon's clothes and put them in the case. Folding and scrunching them roughly. Maybe we jump cut through this - to get a sense of the volume of clothes - another suitcase. The rest of the clothes. The stuff from the side table.

The wardrobe ends up practically empty.

The only thing left is a suit - still in the wrapping from the dry cleaner.

She takes it, about to put it in the case, but has another thought. She takes the wrapping off. It's pristine.

Looks at it for a moment, then tears at a sleeve, trying to rip it off. It's not easy, as she has to prise the stitching apart - we should see the difficulty of this, but she perseveres, and eventually it rips apart. Then takes the trousers and more easily now, rips them in two.

She grabs the two suitcases, zips them up, puts the torn suit over her shoulder, lifts them up -

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Gemma has lugged the two suitcases down the stairs, and leaves them just to the right of the

front door. She throws the torn suit on top. She then stops for a minute, out of breath. So upset.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. TOM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Tom is playing a game on his tablet in bed, looking a little worried. Gemma enters and gives him the squash. He takes it.

TOM

What was that noise?

GEMMA

I'm just throwing a few things away.

He looks serious. She strokes his head.

TOM

Isobel said that when the divorce was happening she thought she'd have to live with her dad in Reading. She said it was horrible.

GEMMA

I don't know. Good shopping in Reading.

TOM

I mean the divorce. The divorce was horrible.

GEMMA

Tom. What's the matter?
(she kneels by his bed)

Where has this come from?

TOM

Isobel.

GEMMA

Has Dad said anything?

TOM

Dad? Is that why you're annoyed?
Have you had an argument?

GEMMA

No.

TOM

Mum, if you do get divorced I
don't want to move. I like it
here.

GEMMA

Tom, we're not...

She looks straight at him.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

This is your home. You'll live
here as long as you like.

(beat)

I promise.

TOM

Okay.

Strokes his head again. He smiles. Then there's a
knock at the front door.

TOM (CONT'D)

Is that Dad?

GEMMA

It's a bit early.

TOM

Maybe he's drunk.

GEMMA

Don't be silly.

She gets up and goes downstairs.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Gemma comes down the stairs slightly cautiously. Through the front door glass, she can see who it is. Ros.

She opens the door, and sees Ros is holding her wing mirror.

ROS

I've never seen you drive like that before.

GEMMA

I'm ill.

Gemma takes the wing mirror.

ROS

Can I come in?

Gemma looks at her, then lets her in. Shuts the door behind her.

ROS (CONT'D)

Is Tom upstairs?

Gemma nods, turns and goes into the kitchen. Ros sees the suitcases, and the torn suit, then follows her.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Gemma goes straight to a cupboard. Ros enters, still bothered by the suitcases in the hall.

GEMMA

I'm having a rum and Coke. You?

ROS

I'm fine.

Gemma starts making her a gin and tonic anyway. Ros looks at the suitcases in the hall.

ROS (CONT'D)

Is that Simon's stuff?

GEMMA

How long have you known?

ROS

(beat)

What?

(beat)

Known what?

GEMMA

I found his other phone in the boot. Pictures of them together. Your texts. You need to be honest with me NOW before I get really fucked off. How long have you known?

Ros stares at her. Horrified.

ROS

Oh God, Gemma.

GEMMA

(she puts ice in the glass)
Yeah.

ROS

Did you tell him?

GEMMA

I haven't said anything except I'm ill. Answer my question -

ROS

He came in with something, maybe four weeks ago?

GEMMA

Four weeks?

ROS

I thought it might be an STI so I asked him about sexual partners.

GEMMA

Today just gets better and better -

ROS

Oh no, it's okay, in the end it was fine, it's just that when I asked him the question he paused and so I guessed.

(beat)

And since then I have been telling him every week, texting him - you deal with this or I will.

(getting up)

I'm so sorry! Can I give you a...

GEMMA

What?

ROS

A hug -

GEMMA

No. I don't know who you are.

(beat)

Neil, Anna. His assistant. You. Who else?

ROS

If that's who was on the phone that's probably it.

GEMMA

Her parents presumably?

ROS

I don't know.

GEMMA

Why didn't you tell me? And
don't say it's because you
didn't want to take sides.

ROS

Well technically I'm not allowed
to tell you anything - he's my
patient -

GEMMA

He's my husband.

ROS

(calmer now)

I thought it would be better if
he told you himself. He promised
me he would.

A moment.

GEMMA

How long has it been going on?

ROS

I'm not sure -

GEMMA

No, you've asked, he's told you.

ROS

(beat)

Three months. I'm sure it's not
serious. I mean it's serious for
you.

GEMMA

You warned him. Yesterday. When
I talked about the blonde hair.

ROS

Sorry.

GEMMA

You should be.

Ros stands to go to Gemma.

ROS

Gemma, please...

Gemma turns back, sharp.

GEMMA

No.

Ros sits back down.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Anyway I've decided. When Simon gets back, he'll move out.

ROS

What, forever?

Gemma looks at Ros - she just hasn't thought any of this through.

ROS (CONT'D)

Cos I mean, it's probably just sex isn't it? A midlife crisis?

Ros clearly has no idea what a marriage is.

ROS (CONT'D)

He probably knows he's made a mistake, still loves you and -

GEMMA

Whose side are you on?

ROS

I don't want to be on a side.

GEMMA

Wrong answer.

ROS

Yours.

Gemma looks at her.

GEMMA

Go back to the party. He should have a good time and really enjoy himself.

ROS

I don't think -

GEMMA

Don't tell him that there's anything wrong. I want him to come in and see those suitcases and understand in that second exactly what he's lost.

ROS

I'd like to stay here with you.

GEMMA

No.

ROS

I don't think that you should be on your own.

GEMMA

I think if you want us to stay
as friends, you should do
exactly as you're told.

ROS

Of course.

Ros goes towards Gemma and before she can stop
her, she hugs her. Gemma doesn't really respond.
After a moment, Ros lets go, and leaves.

A moment. Gemma drinks her rum and Coke.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Close on a computer screen, images and information
from a Google search on 'Kate Parks Parminster'.
Picture of Kate on a night out, a charity party at
university, where she seems young, reckless, and
in this picture, bitchy.

A couple of others where she's clearly younger.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

It's two hours later - Gemma has finished on the
computer, left it open, but is now stood in the
kitchen pouring another rum and Coke. Headlights,
and an engine sound from outside. A car door
slams. Gemma gets ready - closes the laptop, grabs
her drink and walks through into the hall.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

The suitcases stand by the front door. Simon won't be able to miss them.

After a moment, a shape appears through the glass of the door - a key in the lock. A fumble.

He's dropped the key.

He reaches down for it. Scrabbles around. Finds it. Stands back up. Opens the door.

And stumbles in - he's really drunk. He shuts the door behind him.

SIMON

Hi -

He then heads straight for the downstairs toilet, not noticing the suitcases at all.

Gemma stands - waiting - the sound of Simon pissing.

She looks at the suitcases. Waits for him to finish.

A moment. Then he comes out of the downstairs toilet, and turns to Gemma. Smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I loved that. It was amazing.

(beat)

The party. Not the piss.

GEMMA

Simon -

SIMON

You should be in bed. You're ill.

GEMMA

Couldn't sleep.

SIMON

I'm really tired.

He turns and falls over the suitcases.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Sorry, drunk.

He picks them all up and places the suit back on top. Gemma watches as he doesn't register exactly what it all is.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Can you bring some water up please?

Simon turns and heads up the stairs to bed. He didn't notice the suitcases at all.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

A dark room. The door opens - it's Gemma, holding a pint of water. The light from the hall means we can see Simon, face down, passed out on the bed, snoring, sprawled across both sides.

The door is still open on the empty wardrobe. He clearly hasn't noticed.

Gemma looks at him, then goes in, puts the water on the side, turns and leaves.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. TOM'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

Another dark room. The door opens, similarly. Gemma comes in and checks Tom is asleep. We catch a glimpse of her eyes - full of tears.

Gemma looks at him - thinking through what's about to happen to his life...

She leaves.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gemma comes down the stairs, passing the suitcases in the hall. All ready to go. She glances at them, then keeps going into the kitchen.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

She sees, out of the top of the bin is the calendar she took off the front of the fridge -

A moment. She thinks.

She retrieves it, and looks at it - '*Simon B'day Party*' is clearly marked, and then marked for the next day '*Football Trip*'.

She stares at this. She'd forgotten.

FADE TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

Simon slowly wakes to an alarm buzzing. It's 7.30 a.m. and he's really hungover. He lifts his head to find a mug of coffee on the side table.

He smiles, gets up, winces with a terrible headache. Drinks the coffee.

Slowly he goes to the wardrobe. The door to his side is now closed, and he looks at himself in the in-built mirror. He's a mess.

He reaches out and opens his side - to reveal - all his clothes magically back in place. He casually grabs a towel from the shelf, and heads for the bathroom -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Simon enters dressed in weekend clothes, having had a shower.

We notice that behind him the suitcases have gone.

Gemma is in her work clothes, emptying the dishwasher. Tom is sat having cereal and fruit at the table.

GEMMA

Morning.

SIMON

I forgot to turn off the alarm.

GEMMA

It's a good job you didn't. You need to be up.

SIMON

Why?

Without Tom seeing, she points to the calendar on the fridge.

Everything's come out of the bin and gone back up, exactly how it was. On this Saturday on the calendar it says '*Football Trip*'.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(for Tom's benefit)

Right! Yes! Tour of the ground, meet the players. Are you excited?

TOM

Dad, were you drunk last night?

SIMON

Don't know what you're talking about mate.

(cheeky)

I didn't touch a drop.

(to GEMMA)

How are you?

GEMMA

Better.

SIMON

What was it?

GEMMA

What?

SIMON

You didn't feel well.

GEMMA

I don't know. There was a pain.
In my stomach.

SIMON

You should get it checked out.

GEMMA

Yeah I will if it carries on.
(she kisses Tom)
Enjoy it.

TOM

Yeah, I will.

GEMMA

(to Simon, without kissing him)
Bye.

SIMON

Er...

She stops, turns and kisses him, quickly.

INT FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

She goes to the front door. He follows.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Was I alright last night?

GEMMA
Were you alright?

SIMON
I didn't say anything to upset
you?

GEMMA
You didn't have a chance. You
came in, went to the loo then
passed out.

SIMON
Sorry.

GEMMA
Don't be. It was your birthday.
You're supposed to have a good
time.

SIMON
(warmly)
Thanks.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

Gemma comes out of her house. Takes a breath to
gather herself. It's all a huge effort today.

NEIL (O.S.)
Your wing mirror's off.

Across the street is Neil with the garage door open, polishing his car (a classic MGB V8 Roadster).

As Gemma walks to her car she looks at him. Years of friendship, betrayed. She tries to ignore him.

GEMMA

Yeah.

NEIL

What happened to you last night?

(he smiles, cheeky)

You hit the champagne a bit hard?

She stares at him. Hates him.

NEIL (CONT'D)

I know what you doctors are like.

GEMMA

I was ill.

NEIL

(sceptical, annoying)

But better this morning...?

GEMMA

(she fucking hates this)

I'm in a hurry.

Gemma gets in the car. Neil watches her go, still cheeky, then goes back to polishing his car.

INT. THE SURGERY. OFFICE. DAY

Gemma and Ros in the office situated behind reception. Lots of noise. She's stressed, and preoccupied. Julie, the receptionist is there.

Nick's working on a computer. The place looks a mess. Ros speaks quietly to Gemma.

ROS

Gem, now you know, you can't just let this -

GEMMA

They're going to Villa Park to see a game, a special tour, Tom won it in a school raffle so...

ROS

Gem, you need to tell him.

GEMMA

(sharp)

He's been looking forward to it.

Julie comes over to her.

JULIE

So update on this morning - locum's here, so is Doctor Barton, Doctor Mitchel's ill, and Jack -

GEMMA

Jack doesn't work here any more.

JULIE

He left a message saying he was going to sue.

ROS

What for?

JULIE

He sounded drunk.

LUKE

(entering)

My computer's packed up.

GEMMA

Already? That has to be a record.

ROS

(to Luke)

Morning!

GEMMA

(to Julie)

Call the man, check it's not the whole system.

NICK

(his computer's frozen)

It's the whole system.

GEMMA

This place is a joke -

The others notice - look at Gemma, a little surprised, offended. Ros looks at her sympathetically.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Let's just start.

Ros goes back and picks up her list. Luke heads back towards his room. Gemma follows. She gets to the door into reception. Takes a breath. This is going to be a long day - big smile.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma heads out, professionally, into the waiting area - lots of patients - including Gordon, who's on the other side of the waiting room.

GORDON

Doctor...

She avoids him, pretending not to hear.

GEMMA

Anwar Shamsi!

Anwar stands up. He's forty, affable, good suit.

ANWAR

Yeah.

GEMMA

Hi.

GORDON

Doctor, it's urgent.

GEMMA

Gordon, we have to stick to appointments, you know that. Mr

Shamsi, if you'd like to come
with...

Gemma looks up as the toilet door opens. Suddenly
in front of her is...

Kate.

They stare at each other for a second.

Gemma can't believe it. Kate's surprised too.

KATE

Hi.

She smiles a little and hurries past.

Gemma watches, as Kate goes back to her seat in
the waiting area. She's dressed for the gym -
wearing her kit, headphones, her hair tied back,
she drinks from a bottle of water. She's in really
good shape.

ANWAR

Sorry, should I...

GEMMA

Could you give me a second?

Gemma turns and makes her way back to the
reception desk. She can't just ignore Kate. She's
almost panicking. Should she - Ros appears from
the office area with her list - she just has
enough time to see Kate, before Gemma ushers Ros
out through a door -

INT. THE SURGERY. CORRIDOR. DAY

Gemma and Ros get through the door, and face each other.

GEMMA

What is she doing here? Is she here to confront me?

ROS

No, I've just seen, she's on my list. It's a normal appointment. She booked it a couple of days ago.

Gemma runs her hand through her hair.

ROS (CONT'D)

Come here.

GEMMA

This is hard. I'm good at keeping my head together but today...

ROS

Talk to Simon.

GEMMA

I will, but before I do I need the facts. What is this relationship? Three months, is that a fling -

ROS

Yes. He's never suggested it's anything -

GEMMA

What about her? What does he see
in her? Apart from -

Gemma's had an idea. She turns and goes back
through the door.

ROS
Gemma, wait - stop. What are you
-

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma strides into reception, pretending to look
at a patient list -

GEMMA
Kate Parks. If you can come with
me?

Kate stands up, unsure, as Ros appears from the
corridor.

ANWAR
Sorry, I thought -

KATE
I'm here to see Doctor Mahendra?

GEMMA
Doctor Mahendra has too many
appointments today. Mr Shamsi if
you can wait five minutes. Kate,
you don't mind swapping, do you?
It speeds things up for everyone
else.

Kate looks at them both. Unsure. All the other patients waiting, including Anwar, and Gordon, look at her -

CUT TO -

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S CONSULTING ROOM. DAY

Kate and Gemma sit opposite each other.

Gemma just looks at this girl - flicking her hair, legs crossed, drinking water. Bitchy, privileged, overconfident.

From Kate's point of view - she won't be intimidated.

GEMMA

So Kate, how can I help?

KATE

I've been feeling tired recently, like a cold and it's not going away.

GEMMA

How long?

KATE

Couple of weeks?

GEMMA

Alright, so if you take off your top and trousers we'll have a look.

KATE

Top and trousers? Why do I need

—

GEMMA

To examine you.

Kate's suspicious but gets up and goes behind the curtain.

Gemma puts on sterile gloves. Kate draws back the curtain and stands confident, in her underwear.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You're in good shape.

KATE

I'm heading to the gym. I go every morning. I've got a trainer.

GEMMA

Sounds wonderful.

KATE

You should try it.

Zing. Gemma smiles, and puts a paper over the couch.

GEMMA

Maybe I will. You just lie on here for me please.

Kate lies down. Gemma takes Kate's pulse.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

So you work at your dad's
restaurant?

KATE

Sometimes. Just for a bit of
money but I'd rather - OW!

Gemma puts her hand on Kate's abdomen, examining
her - pushing hard. It's uncomfortable.

GEMMA

Does that hurt?

KATE

(defiant)

No.

GEMMA

Alright. How about this?

She pushes hard.

KATE

Ow! Yep.

GEMMA

It's a little tender. It's
probably nothing, but to be
sure, I'm just going to get some
blood samples.

Gemma turns and grabs two syringes.

KATE

Doesn't the nurse do that?

GEMMA

I don't mind.

Gemma efficiently ties the tie round Kate's arm,
as tight as possible.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I need to ask you a few standard
questions.

KATE

Okay.

GEMMA

How much do you drink on
average?

KATE

Couple of glasses of wine?

GEMMA

A night?

KATE

A week.

GEMMA

And do you smoke?

She puts the needle in, painfully, and takes three
blood samples over the following.

KATE

No.

GEMMA

Sexual partners?

KATE

Sorry?

GEMMA

I'm just trying to rule a few things out. Do you have any sexual partners?

KATE

One. I don't tend to sleep around.

GEMMA

(beat)

Are you having sex regularly?

KATE

Not enough. He's married.

GEMMA

Right.

KATE

But unhappy. It's sad. Actually.

Gemma takes a breath. Stays focused.

GEMMA

Why doesn't he just leave his wife?

KATE

Family, I suppose.

GEMMA

But the wife doesn't suspect?

KATE

Not a clue.

GEMMA

Sounds complicated.

This just sinks Gemma. She takes out the needle in Kate's arm, and puts a cotton wool ball on it.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You can put your clothes on now.
You seem fine. I hope you don't
mind all the questions but it
helps to get a picture and you
seem very healthy.

CUT TO -

A moment later, Kate is dressed. Gemma gives her a
pot.

GEMMA

Just in case, could you pop next
door, pee in that and bring it
back.

KATE

Yeah. No problem.

Kate takes the pot and goes.

Gemma stops now. What's she doing? This girl is
just a girl.

But she finds herself looking at Kate's handbag
which she's left by the chair. It's right there.

Has she got time? She's not sure. But this might
be the only opportunity.

She could just... she reaches for it - but just as
she does, the door opens - Kate comes back in.

KATE (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

She picks up her bag and leaves again.

Gemma stands. Looks at herself in the mirror.
Feels old. Out of shape.

Gemma looks at the framed photo on her desk. A picture of her family. The three of them at a picnic. Is he really as unhappy as all that?

K-KLUNK! - the door opens - as Kate comes back in.
Kate gives the pot of urine to Gemma.

GEMMA

This'll just take a minute.

Gemma efficiently puts a pipette in the sample and puts a few drops in one test, and then another drop in the plastic well of a separate rectangular test. Then she sits and waits.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

We'll do the bloods, see what comes back. It's probably just a cold. In the meantime, take it easy and avoid doing anything strenuous or stressful.

KATE

What are the bloods for?

GEMMA

Measures all sorts - iron, sugar

-

KATE

And that one?

GEMMA

Oh this is just a -

Gemma glances down at the result. And just stops.
She can't believe what she's looking at.

Close up - the test producing two pink lines.

KATE

What? What is it?

GEMMA

Kate, are you having unprotected
sex?

KATE

I... no.

GEMMA

Have you been trying for a
child?

KATE

What are you talking about?

Gemma looks straight at her.

GEMMA

Two lines means it's positive.

They stare at each other for a second. Both
completely shocked.

KATE

Sorry. Are you saying I'm...?

She looks at Gemma, unbelieving.

GEMMA

Yes. You're pregnant.

Kate stares at her. Thoughts racing through her head.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I assume the father is... this man.

An awkward moment. Them both taking it in -

GEMMA (CONT'D)

It's a lot to take in, I know.
You'll want to consider the
stability of this relationship -

KATE

Can I see Doctor Mahendra? She
is my doctor and this is a...
shock. So can I see her instead
- please?

INT. THE SURGERY. CORRIDOR. DAY

Kate is now sat in Ros's consulting room with the door open. Ros stands in the corridor outside with Gemma.

ROS

I'll let you know.

Then she turns, goes into her room and shuts the door.

Gemma stands, reeling from the shock of all of this...

Then she turns and walks to the waiting room.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma walks into the reception area, looking at her list, distracted -

GEMMA

Okay -

GORDON

Excuse me -

GEMMA

Gordon. Just wait. You're next.

(she calls out)

Anwar Shamsi.

Nothing.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Anwar?

Julie leans out from the reception desk.

JULIE

He just left.

GEMMA

(frustrated)

Really?

EXT. THE SURGERY CAR PARK. DAY

Gemma comes out looking for Anwar. She sees him walking towards the car park.

GEMMA

Mr Shamsi -

ANWAR

I'm a solicitor with a client that needs me urgently. The receptionist said if I had the first appointment of the day I'd be straight in.

GEMMA

I'm so sorry, I hope she explained there's no guarantees - I'm having quite a morning -

ANWAR

Why have you come out here?
That's not normal.

GEMMA

Because men your age don't tend to see doctors when you should. And you look extremely worried, so I'm not going to let you leave until you tell me the problem.

ANWAR

(beat)

I'm often sick first thing in the mornings.

GEMMA

Mmm-hmm. Often?

ANWAR

Every few days. We're going to
do this here?

She reaches in her pocket.

GEMMA

Yeah, I am. You drink a lot?

Gemma pulls out an ophthalmoscope. Then opens up
his eyelids, to check them.

ANWAR

Not usually.

GEMMA

Look forward...

ANWAR

Recently I can't sleep, I worry
about things, so yeah, I have a
drink.

GEMMA

Your eyes are a little
bloodshot. I take it you've
googled your symptoms?

ANWAR

Yeah.

GEMMA

And?

ANWAR

It says being sick like that
first thing in the mornings
could be a warning of a brain
tumour.

GEMMA
(sceptical)

Yeah. That's possible but there
are many more likely
explanations. Tummy bug, virus
or your late-night drinking.

ANWAR
(worried, unsure)

So... it doesn't suggest
anything to do with the brain?

GEMMA
(slowing down - careful)
Not unless there's more to say.

A moment. He turns away. Emotional. A strange
moment.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Are you sure you don't want to
come in for a moment?

He checks his watch.

ANWAR
No, if you think it's nothing
then I should go. Thank you.

He gets in his car and closes the door. As he
starts the engine, and drives away, Gemma watches
him. Knows there's something else he's not telling
her...

But it's too late. And she's got other things to worry about.

She walks back inside.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

As she comes back in, Kate is coming towards her leaving, teary. She doesn't look at Gemma, just heads to the door. Ros appears, and goes with Gemma into the corridor.

INT. THE SURGERY. ROS' OFFICE. DAY

Ros and Gemma enter.

ROS

She's not going to keep it, and she doesn't want anybody to know.

GEMMA

Not Simon?

ROS

No. She's going to find somewhere. They'll do it as soon as possible.

GEMMA

(cautious)

Isn't she worried that I might tell him?

ROS

Well why would you? I mean as far as she's concerned you're oblivious.

A moment. Gemma's unsure - so many thoughts in her head.

GEMMA

But... Simon. He should know she's pregnant.

ROS

(amazed that she's thinking of Simon)
What? Gemma -

GEMMA

He'd want to know.

ROS

Do you want to make things work with him?

GEMMA

...

ROS

Because if she ends up with his baby, then forget it. Her and this child, are going to be in your life forever. You don't have to tell him, it's better for him if you don't - besides - according to the General Medical Council and every professional standard, you're not allowed to. So be quiet for the next twenty-four hours and let it happen,

then talk to your husband and
sort out your marriage. This
girl is a fling. You're not.

(beat)

Don't tell him.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

The three of them sit round the table, eating
dinner. This is an Edward Hopper, *American Beauty*,
Conrad Hall shot - but in a British style.

Single overhead light. Piles of paper around as
normal.

They're eating a pasta dish - easy to cook.
Gemma's looking at Simon, unsure if she's doing
the right thing. Tom's laughing. A lot.

SIMON

We had to take penalties, and
when I took mine I fell over.

TOM

He was really serious. He, he
did this long run up and then he
just -

He does an impression of his dad falling over.
Laughs a lot. Gemma smiles, despite herself.

SIMON

Yeah, alright. Thanks, mate.

GEMMA

How did you do?

TOM

Scored.

GEMMA

No! Did you?

TOM

Yeah, and he was a professional
keeper.

SIMON

Tom was really good actually.
They said he was the best.

GEMMA

Well done. So pleased you had a
good time!

SIMON

How was work?

GEMMA

A mess.

SIMON

Why?

GEMMA

Just... appointments. You know.

SIMON

You alright though? Feeling
better?

GEMMA

Yeah.

SIMON
(looks at her, loving)
Good.

They look at each other. He smiles, kindly.

TOM
You should come next time, Mum.
Watch him have another turn.
You'd find it really funny.

Tom laughs again. Simon shares a look with Gemma - loving their son.

SIMON (O.S.)
Yeah alright! Next weekend we'll
find a goal, we'll do penalties
and settle this.

TOM
Er, can you deal with the
humiliation?

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Simon is asleep on his side - facing away from her. Both lights are off - the room just lit by the street light/moonlight coming in through the curtains.

Gemma is sat in bed again. Not sleeping. The alarm clock glows 12.12 a.m. She picks up her phone. The

light of the screen on her face. She composes a text. To Carly. *'You around? Gemma.'* Sends it.

She looks at Simon. Definitely asleep.

Thinks of everything he's done to her.

She gets up and leaves.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARMINSTER. NIGHT

Gemma walks along the road, we see she's now slightly better dressed than before. A quick attempt at something you might wear to go out.

Across the square the pub is still open - from the lights on inside, but in the other direction, Gemma looks at the bar she's headed towards. A light on in the doorway. Gemma heads towards it. Never been in here before...

INT. TOWN SQUARE BAR. NIGHT

The bar's clean, brightly lit, the sort one would find in a hotel. It might surprise us from the Gemma we've seen up till now (mother, GP), but she's actually very at home in a bar - she spent her early twenties in places like this - and loved it.

She's sat with Carly at a table, both of them with drinks. They've been there a little while, and are both a bit tipsy.

CARLY

It's been proven, statistically, men all fancy twenty-two-year-old women. Doesn't matter how old they are themselves, or what they say, that's just who they're after, sexually. They might happen to like their partner as well, but biologically twenty-two and fertile is what it's all about. He's just had a hot summer and messed it up. He'll come back. I mean you love him, don't you?

Gemma shrugs.

CARLY (CONT'D)

When it's done, and she's got rid of the baby, give him hell, and then let him back.

GEMMA

I shouldn't tell him?

CARLY

Tell him? You're sort of innocent sometimes, aren't you? I mean you're not. Clearly. But you think the world's better than it is.

Carly produces a packet of cigarettes, offers Gemma one.

GEMMA

Yes.

Gemma and Carly stand, and walk towards the door.
They pass Anwar at the bar.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(to Carly)

I'll join you.

CARLY

Okay.

Carly continues. Gemma goes over to Anwar who has
an empty glass.

GEMMA

Hi.

ANWAR

(surprised, confused)

Hi...

GEMMA

What are you drinking?

ANWAR

(beat. He smiles. Accepts the situation)

Becks.

Gemma leans over to the barman.

GEMMA

Becks and a rum and Coke.

He makes them.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I thought when you said you had
a drink in the middle of the
night you meant in your kitchen.

ANWAR

Why are you here?

GEMMA

It's Saturday night Anwar and as
you can see I'm a party girl.

(beat - alright - the truth)
I couldn't sleep either.

ANWAR

Why not?

GEMMA

Got a lot going on.

The barman delivers the drinks. Gemma gives him a
tenner.

ANWAR

Like what?

GEMMA

At home. Doesn't matter. Tell me
about you.

(beat)

You were holding something back
this morning. Weren't you?
Something you weren't saying.

Anwar drinks his beer, then turns to her.

ANWAR

I'm married.

GEMMA

Okay.

ANWAR

Alesha's six months pregnant.

GEMMA

Congratulations.

ANWAR

Five years ago, I had this dizziness, they eventually did a scan and found a tumour, in my brain. Couldn't operate - said it wasn't doing any harm at that point but it was growing, and that one day it would kill me.

GEMMA

I'm sorry.

ANWAR

I should've told Alesha at the time. I just didn't want to scare her away.

GEMMA

She doesn't know?

ANWAR

If I tell her now she'll ask why did you make all these promises? Start a family, all this time...

GEMMA

Go for another scan.

ANWAR

I came in because it'd be good to know if the symptoms fit. Is

this it?

GEMMA

You didn't tell me your history.

ANWAR

What do you think now?

GEMMA

I can't be sure.

ANWAR

Well, can you guess?

GEMMA

(beat)

The symptoms fit. Talk to your wife.

ANWAR

Right.

GEMMA

There's two things. There's the mistake and then there's the lie, to cover it up. And the mistake is a lot easier to forgive.

ANWAR

You reckon?

GEMMA

I know.

ANWAR

If I tell her that'll be it.

GEMMA

She'll find out eventually.
She'll see it in your notes.

ANWAR

Medical records are
confidential.

GEMMA

Not the medical records. The
post mortem.

Anwar's shocked. And offended. Gemma's getting
carried away.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Sorry but you married her,
you've made a promise.

Anwar drinks, annoyed with the pressure she's
putting him under.

ANWAR

Trouble at home... something's
happened with your husband.
That's what normally sends women
your age to a bar in the middle
of the night. Yeah?

GEMMA

Yeah.

ANWAR

See I do a lot of divorce and
you should know that a woman
might get the house, the assets,
the children, but that doesn't
mean that she's won. Because a

few years later, he's with
someone new, making lots of
money, no real responsibility.
But she is struggling. Kids,
work, no time to move on. We've
all got problems that we can't
solve.

GEMMA

Tell your wife the truth.

ANWAR

(he drains the bottle)

I can't.

He goes to the toilet. Gemma drinks her drink.

Then notices he's left his jacket on the bar, and
has an idea...

CUT TO -

Anwar comes out of the toilet and walks back.
Gemma's gone - but on the bar is her empty glass,
and next to it, his phone - she must have got it
from his jacket.

What's more, it's ringing - he looks at it. A
picture of a woman - the name - Alesha. He's
surprised. It's 2.30 a.m. She never rings at this
time...

EXT. PARMINSTER TOWN SQUARE. NIGHT

Gemma walks out of the club with Carly. They're
both quite drunk.

CARLY

I'm this way.

GEMMA

How much?

CARLY

Doesn't matter.

GEMMA

No, go on.

CARLY

Seven for the cigarettes, two
fifty for the lighter.

Gemma gives her a £10 note.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Thank you. You'll be alright
getting back?

GEMMA

Who says I'm going back?

Carly looks at her. A kebab van is standing in the
centre of the square, surrounded by a few very
drunk people.

CARLY

Be careful yeah?

Gemma turns and, quite drunk, heads towards the
kebab van.

GEMMA

Night.

CUT TO -

EXT. THE RED LION. NIGHT

A bench, just outside the pub, by the cab rank. On it is slumped Jack, unconscious. In his hand is a half-empty plastic glass. He's been there a while.

Someone's walking towards him. Silhouetted by the light from the lamp post.

She gets closer. Kneels down - and suddenly the light catches her face. It's Gemma, holding a kebab, unsteady.

GEMMA

Want a drink?

CUT TO -

EXT. JACK'S FLAT. NIGHT

We see Jack's flat - the top floor of a town home. The only light on.

GEMMA (V.O.)

What's going on in there?

JACK (V.O.)

Shower's broken.

INT. JACK'S FLAT. NIGHT

Jack is sat in his chair by the window. A side lamp on. He's beginning to sober up a little, picking at half of Gemma's kebab, now on a plate. His flat is a mess - very dirty.

Gemma comes through from the kitchen with two cups of coffee. She gives him one.

GEMMA

No milk.

JACK

Fridge doesn't work.

GEMMA

Your flat's a shithole Jack.

JACK

You're very welcome to go home.

GEMMA

(beat)

When we first moved here, you and David had us over for dinner and looked after us. You remember?

JACK

Yeah. David's missed. As you can see.

Pause.

GEMMA

How long were you together?

JACK

Oh, thirty years.

GEMMA

Did you ever cheat?

JACK

No.

GEMMA

Did he?

JACK

(he looks at her)

There's something in your head.

GEMMA

Can you keep a secret?

She drinks her coffee.

JACK

Don't be ridiculous Gemma, I'm
an alcoholic. Of course I can
keep a secret.

GEMMA

Simon's been sleeping with
another woman.

JACK

Oh, I'm sorry. Are you two -

GEMMA

I haven't told him that I know.

JACK

Why not?

GEMMA

Because I'm not that woman -
that gets cheated on and finds
out and has screaming rows. I'm
not maintenance and divorce and
all that stuff. I'm better than
that. I'm clever.

JACK

Yeah, and I'm not a pissed
widower who hasn't showered in
three weeks. I'm clever too.
Doesn't mean a thing.

Gemma's overwhelmed. Gets up - turns away. She's
in the shadows of the flat. We just see her back.

GEMMA

(without turning round)

She came into the surgery today,
this other woman, and I did some
tests, turns out she's pregnant.
She's decided to have an
abortion and not tell anyone.

JACK

She went to see you?

GEMMA

I told her I was the only doctor
available.

JACK

Be careful.

GEMMA

Yeah.

A moment. Jack looks at her. Sighs.

JACK

I'm not entirely surprised. In his twenties Simon used to sleep around. Always in The Crown. Different girl every other week.

GEMMA

Simon?

JACK

Then when he came back from London with you, we all thought he'd grown up.

GEMMA

No one's ever told me that before.

JACK

Well they wouldn't. His dad cheated on his mum, didn't he? Left her.

GEMMA

Yeah.

JACK

(looking at one of his empty bottles)
My dad loved Scotch. Sons are their fathers.

GEMMA

(beat, thinking of Tom)

I hope not.

Gemma starts walking around, looking at things, picking them up, starting to tidy.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Three weeks, you couldn't use
the sink?

JACK

Look, while it's been lovely to
be dragged home by someone who's
actually more depressed than
myself, maybe we should call it
a night.

He stands, winces.

JACK (CONT'D)

OW!

GEMMA

What's wrong?

JACK

Gout. Diagnosed by me. You don't
need to see it. I'm going to
bed.

GEMMA

You can't live like this.

He looks at her, then walks to his bedroom.

JACK

You should tell him you know.
Tell him she's pregnant.

GEMMA

I'm not ethically allowed to.

JACK

Tell him all of it, then take
your son, and leave. Start
again.

GEMMA

It's just a fling, it doesn't -

JACK

It doesn't mean he won't do it
again.

(beat)

Look he, he's lived here all his
life. You don't need to stay.
Sometimes it's the place that's
the problem.

He goes into his bedroom and shuts the door.

Gemma goes over to a table by the side. Lots of
different bottles of spirits.

In front of them, are two bottles of pills with
their lids off. Some of the pills are scattered.
Gemma looks at what they are, then picks them up
and puts them in her pocket.

Then she goes and sits in his chair by the window,
overlooking the town.

As the light comes up, she gets her phone out -
starts typing.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Morning. Gemma is in the kitchen, habitually
putting the cereal out for Tom and putting the

coffee in the machine.

She's wearing the same clothes as last night, but with a jumper over the top.

She gets halfway through making the coffee, then gets a text.

It's from Ros - *'She's found a place. They'll do it today at 1 p.m.'*

She reads it, gives up on the coffee. Goes to the table. Sits and puts her head in her hands. Looks at the text again - tired. Uncertain of everything -

A noise - as the door opens and Simon is there.

SIMON

I woke up this morning and you weren't there.

Gemma stays at the table, starts to well up a little. She can't stop herself. The mask slipping.

GEMMA

I came down to work. I couldn't sleep.

She stares at him. Tense. She's not going to cry but she's so angry that she's in this situation. Meanwhile he goes to the coffee machine and realises it's half-done. Finishes it off.

SIMON

I was dead to the world. Weeks are long at the moment, I know that's always true for you but

we start the build in a week so
it's full-on. You know?

(beat)

And all that running around with
Tom yesterday -

But she's not listening. She had a whole thing
about not telling him, but -

GEMMA

You're having an affair.

Simon just stops.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Aren't you?

He turns and looks at her, confused.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I'm convinced of it.

SIMON

You're... 'convinced'.

(beat)

Okay...

GEMMA

There would be two things, if
you were. There would be the
relationship itself. The sex,
all of that. And then there
would be the lie.

SIMON

Gem -

GEMMA

I think that I could accept the relationship eventually, if you put an end to it. We said when we got married that there would probably be other people that we fancied, over a lifetime.

SIMON

Yes, we did say that.

GEMMA

So the lie would be the bigger problem. If you'd been with someone else, and you didn't just come out and tell me, then that would be the real betrayal. Don't you think?

He just looks at her. Knows well enough when not to interrupt.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

And I don't want to prove it, I don't want to catch you. I want you to be honest. Unprompted. To just tell me. To say 'Yes. I'm sorry, but yes. I have been seeing someone else.'

He stares at her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You can. And then - all of the consequences. We can talk about all of it, together. That'll be hard but it'll be better. For both of us. Because actually...

even if you have done this. I
think I still really love you.

A moment. Now it's Gemma that braces herself for
his reply.

He looks down. Then up again.

He runs his hand over his hair. Then moves closer
and smiles sincerely.

SIMON

I'm not.

Thud. That was Gemma's heart just dropping to the
floor - after all the energy, that set-up. She
gave him every chance.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Where has this come from? You
follow me to Mum's... and now
this. Why would you suddenly
think -

GEMMA

It's okay. Doesn't matter.
You've said you're not, you're
not.

They look at each other. He takes her hand, then,
calmly:

SIMON

You really think I could do that
to you?

She stares at him. Tears pouring down her face.
He's saying this, but he has. She knows he has.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're working too hard.

GEMMA
(pretends to smile)
Yeah. Work. That's it.

Tom comes in, and Gemma quickly turns away, grabs her coat, and heads for the door.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Hiya, Tom. Sleep well? Cereal's there, love.

SIMON
You want toast?

She goes.

CUT TO -

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

A sunny morning as Gemma leaves the house and heads towards her car. Neil and Anna come out of their house in beautiful weekend clothes and get into the wonderful sports car. Neil sees Gemma and smiles.

NEIL
Morning!

Gemma looks at them. Bitter.

ANNA
Hi!

NEIL

Fancy a drive?

She doesn't reply.

NEIL (CONT'D)

It's got wing mirrors and
everything.

ANNA

(quietly)

Leave her alone...

Gemma ignores him. Gets in her car. We hear Neil
start his car.

Gemma closes her eyes and waits. We hear Neil's
car roar away.

EXT. THE STATION. DAY

We start on the station clock - 9 a.m.

Move down to find Gemma, using her card to get
tickets from the machine. She looks at the time -
then the board.

Then heads for the platform.

CUT TO -

EXT. THE STATION. PLATFORM. DAY

Gemma walks on to the platform, holding the
tickets. She watches as the train arrives.

Deep breath - has she had enough? Is she leaving?

Then she spots a man standing with a rucksack and coat. He turns, and we see... it's Jack.

CUT TO -

The two of them talking - the train behind them.

JACK

My two alarms go off at seven-thirty, then a woman arrives at my door, pushes in, starts packing my bag, informs me her name is Casey, and there's a taxi waiting.

GEMMA

Carly.

JACK

She tells me if I don't get in it, Gemma Foster will have me arrested.

GEMMA

Practising medicine while under the influence. Plenty of evidence if I need it. You're going on holiday.

She gives him the tickets.

JACK

I can't afford a holiday.

GEMMA

All expenses paid. Out and open
return, but stay there a while.
Your train'll be here in a
minute.

JACK

I'm not going anywhere.

Gemma reaches into her doctor's bag and produces
the two bottles of pills.

GEMMA

I found these in your flat.
Sleeping pills.

JACK

Yes.

GEMMA

And these to stop the
vomiting...

JACK

(sad and serious)

But I didn't go through with it.

GEMMA

But you kept the pills in case
you changed your mind. This is
an intervention Jack so trust
me.

(beat)

Sometimes it's the place that's
the problem.

(beat)

You'll be met when you get
there.

JACK
(considering)

By whom?

GEMMA
Mary.

JACK
Mary who?

GEMMA
She's a friend.

He looks at her. Accepts he's in her hands now.
Nods.

JACK
What happened with the girl?
What are they going to do?

Gemma shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)
You told him?

GEMMA
He doesn't deserve to know.

He looks at her. Doesn't approve but he's said all
he can. The train engine starts. Jack looks round.

JACK
A 'friend'?

GEMMA
I think you'll like her.

JACK

You're mad.

Gemma smiles.

He turns to get on the train - and we CUT TO -

EXT. BRIDEWELL. DAY

Simon and Tom play with a football on the grass. We see that he's a fantastic father - encouraging to Tom, and huge amounts of fun.

Watching them, at a distance, is Gemma, who's pushing Helen in a wheelchair, on a path around the grounds. Helen is, as in Episode One, in a lot of pain, but enjoying seeing her son, and grandson.

They come to a stop. Gemma sits on a bench, next to Helen.

She's about to tell her more about the tour when -

HELEN

You didn't sleep last night.

GEMMA

Do I look that bad?

HELEN

When you came in last week,
there was a change. You kept a
distance from him.

They look at Simon and Tom playing for a moment.
Then -

HELEN (CONT'D)

You know, don't you? About this other woman.

Gemma looks at Helen - an understanding. She doesn't need to say anything.

HELEN (CONT'D)

Simon swore me to secrecy, but he told me about it. He's acting exactly like his father. I'm sorry.

GEMMA

She's pregnant. Kate. Her doctor told me. She's having an abortion today.

HELEN

(looks at Simon playing football with Tom)
He doesn't know?

GEMMA

No.

HELEN

When's it happening?

GEMMA

Soon... one o'clock.

HELEN

Tell him.

GEMMA

(sharp)

Why should I?

HELEN
He's got a right to know.

CUT TO -

BRIDEWELL. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY

Helen is in bed now. They have a tray with tea on it. Simon is pouring. He gives a cup to his mum, then pours another.

SIMON
We're really close. All the
preparation's done so literally
a couple of weeks - that's what
we're looking at to start.

HELEN
(looking at Gemma)
How, how long then until it's
finished?

SIMON
Eight months.

HELEN
Right.

SIMON
(to Tom)
Tea?

TOM
No thanks.

SIMON

Biscuit then?

TOM

Okay.

Helen and Gemma both glance at the clock.

SIMON

I'll bring the model in one day.
You can see it.

Simon sits on the windowsill.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Tom mate, you gonna tell Gran
about what we did yesterday?

TOM

Well we went on a tour of Villa
Park, it's a football ground,
and it was really, really good.
We saw everything, the pitch,
the changing rooms, the museum
bit at the back of the club with
the history.

SIMON

Can you remember when it was
built?

Gemma looks back from the clock to Helen. An
unspoken desperation. Then Gemma looks to Simon
and Tom.

Makes a decision. Gets out her phone. Texts.

TOM

Yeah. What...?

SIMON

Go on then, what year?

TOM

1897 it was built originally but they've replaced most of it now.

HELEN

Is it big?

TOM

Massive, yeah.

As we hear the following, we see Gemma's text.

'Call him now. Tell him she's pregnant. For me. x'
She presses 'Send'.

TOM (CONT'D)

We got a tour. Only like celebrities or whatever get it normally. That was really cool actually. And then we went and -

Then Simon's phone rings.

SIMON

Sorry.

He sees who it is. (It's Ros - but we don't see this.) He answers.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hi.

(beat)

Yeah, just give me a minute.

Simon mimes an apology and leaves the room. As Tom carries on talking, Helen takes Gemma's hand and

holds it tight.

TOM

We went and met the players and
had a go on one of the goals.
Dad missed. It was really funny.

HELEN

And you won this day out?

TOM

In a raffle, yeah. It was second
prize.

HELEN

Second prize? That's a good
raffle. Very lucky.

Through the window, we see Simon walk away from
the building a little, looking very concerned. He
checks his watch. Seems a little angry. Then hangs
up, and makes another call.

His call's connected and he tells Kate he knows.

TOM

Dad's always on his phone.

GEMMA

He's very busy.

CUT TO -

A few minutes later.

Simon re-enters the bedroom.

SIMON

I'm really sorry. An investor's pulled out. I need to get on the phone to see if he'll reconsider. The paperwork's in the office. I need to take the car. Can I?

GEMMA

No problem. We'll get a taxi home.

SIMON

Sorry, Mum.

HELEN

It's okay.

SIMON

(to Tom)

See you later, mate.

TOM

See ya.

He goes. A moment. Helen looks at Gemma who's nearly crying, and turns to Tom.

HELEN

Will you take the cups out to the kitchen?

TOM

Yeah, sure.

HELEN

You know where it is, don't you? Down the corridor on the right.

TOM

Yep, I know.

HELEN

If you put them in the
dishwasher...

TOM

I know.

He lifts the tray and leaves the room.

GEMMA

Do you think it's serious?

HELEN

Well, when they make a decision
on this child you'll know.

(beat)

But two years... it says
something.

GEMMA

Two years? Ros said it was three
months.

Helen looks at her - her eyes widen, and we see
more expression than at any other point. Real
compassion as she realises Gemma doesn't know.

HELEN

Oh Gemma. No.

Gemma hits the back of the chair. Hard.

GEMMA

For two years...?!

HELEN (O.S.)

I thought you knew? You said
you'd found out about it. Oh,
I'm sorry, Gemma... Why don't
you come and sit down.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

It's late. Gemma is in bed, going over some
paperwork. Simon appears at the door. He looks
shattered.

GEMMA

All sorted?

SIMON

For now.

He starts taking off his clothes. Gemma watches
him.

A long moment. Him undressing. Both of them not
speaking.

Thinking it through. Him concerned she might know
something. Her trying to work out what decision he
made with Kate.

There's something about the intimacy of this
routine - sharing a bedroom.

He gets into bed. Looks at her.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Love you.

He kisses her, then turns over to go to sleep.

INT. THE SURGERY. OFFICE. DAY

Gemma's lurking in the office, seemingly doing some paperwork. She notices, through the window into reception, Kate leaving. Still sad, unsure, arms folded.

Ros comes in to join Gemma.

They're the only ones in the office -

ROS

She wasn't happy I told him, but she's clearly pleased he knows.

GEMMA

They're gonna keep it?

ROS

I think so.

A moment.

GEMMA

Two years.

ROS

Yeah. He lied. Seems that's what he does.

GEMMA

Jack said when Simon was young he had a different girl every week. You never told me.

You were at school with him.

ROS

It didn't matter. I thought he was committed.

GEMMA

But when you found out that he was cheating, were you surprised?

A moment. Ros sighs, she can't hold any more of this back.

ROS

To be honest, I'm surprised it took him so long.

Gemma looks at her, then opens the door.

ROS (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

GEMMA

Work. I've got work to do.

And she goes.

INT. THE SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma comes out through from the office - and sees Anwar standing waiting - he sees her and comes over -

GEMMA

Morning -

ANWAR

You told my wife everything.
Absolutely against the code of
ethics and the law.

GEMMA

Do you want to talk in private?

ANWAR

Not acceptable.

Gemma continues down the corridor to her room.
Anwar following.

GEMMA

What did she say? When she
called you back?

ANWAR

(beat)

She was upset. Some madwoman
calling her in the middle of the
night. She thought I'd been up
to something at first.

They go into Gemma's office.

INT. THE SURGERY. GEMMA'S OFFICE. DAY

Gemma closes the door.

ANWAR (CONT'D)

But she asked me if what you'd
said was true. And I said yeah.

GEMMA

What did you decide?

A moment. Anwar sheepish.

ANWAR

She's... she's going to come
with me. To the scan.

GEMMA

Good.

ANWAR

(beat)

Still worried what they're going
to find though.

GEMMA

Of course.

ANWAR

But the point is, you calling
her like that was illegal.

GEMMA

I know.

ANWAR

You shouldn't do it.

GEMMA

Understood. Would you like to
make a formal complaint then?

She just looks at him. He's awkward...

ANWAR

No.

GEMMA

Boy or girl?

ANWAR

Little girl.

Gemma opens the door of her room.

GEMMA

Oh, you said you did a lot of
divorce work.

ANWAR

Yeah I do. Why?

Gemma looks at him.

GEMMA

I'd like to book an appointment.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE THREE

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE GEMMA'S HOUSE. DAY

Reflected in her new wing mirror, we see Gemma emerge and head towards her car. She looks good, professional, but somehow, not herself.

Neil arrives back after a morning run. He's clearly very fit and very sweaty. He sees her, stops outside her house and takes his white in-ear headphones out.

NEIL

Hey. Early start for you.

She walks towards him. He is out of breath.

GEMMA

Hi.

NEIL

Looking good.

GEMMA

Meeting.

NEIL

Right.

A moment. They look at each other. Is there, almost for the first time, and despite Gemma's animosity towards him, a raw mutual attraction?

Gemma smiles, and gets in her car. He looks at her for a moment, then turns and jogs across the

street to his house.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARMINSTER BORDER. DAY

Gemma's car zooms past the sign: 'Welcome to Parminster'.

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY

Gemma drives along a country lane, music on. Up ahead she can see a stationary mini.

GEMMA

No...

As she gets closer she sees on the road - the motorbike's on its side. In front, on the tarmac, the biker is sprawled, his arm twisted round.

The driver of the mini, Belinda (seventeen, asymmetrical pigtail, dressed in bright colours) staggers from the car, mouthing 'Oh my God' -

The biker is moaning in pain. Gemma parks to block the road, grabs her phone and bag, gets out and hurries across, already dialling 999.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I've got a motorcycle accident
just beyond Junction 6 of the
A4220 out of Parminster -

BELINDA
Is he going to die?

GEMMA
(to Belinda)
No.

Gemma, bag in hand, runs to the side of the biker and kneels.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(on phone)
...the rider's male, conscious,
possible fractured arm -
(to the biker)
Can you try and stay still for
me. I'm just lifting up your
visor, okay?

She lifts it up.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(on phone)
I'm a doctor, I just happened to
be passing. He's breathing.
Thank you.

She ends the call.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(to the biker)
You seem fine, but I need you to
stay absolutely still. Partly
because of the risk of nerve
damage but also I don't want
blood on my shirt because I've

got a really important meeting,
is that alright?

The biker makes a muffled noise.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(getting closer to hear)
Sorry?

Biker - louder muffled noise.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(getting even closer)
What?

The biker suddenly vomits. It sprays out of the helmet, all over Gemma's jacket. Belinda screams.

CUT TO -

INT. G56 SOLICITORS. RECEPTION. DAY

A quiet reception. A sofa, water cooler. A prim receptionist waters a house plant. Classical music plays.

With a bang, the door opens and in walks Gemma - blood and vomit stains on her shirt, laddered tights, dishevelled hair. She's clutching a crumpled pile of papers.

Out of a door appears Anwar, in a suit. He sees Gemma -

ANWAR
Jesus. What happened to you?

GEMMA

Traffic.

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. G56 SOLICITORS. ANWAR'S OFFICE. DAY

Close on Anwar. He's had a stressful last couple of weeks and we can tell. He looks tired, perhaps unshaven. In front of him is a small pile of bank statements from Gemma's current account.

Anwar's office has legal books on the shelves. Certificates of qualification. On his desk, a recent picture of himself with his heavily pregnant wife, Alesha.

Gemma is sat across a desk from Anwar. She's changed into a man's large white shirt. She's halfway through talking about what's happened - passionate and emotional.

GEMMA

My thoughts keep running over the last two years. Birthdays, holidays. When we've had sex and I've told him that I love him. Walking around in the bedroom without any clothes on, thinking he likes what he sees. He was lying the whole time. Sorry you're a lawyer you don't need to hear this.

ANWAR

It's fine. I asked you to bring in details of your finances...

GEMMA

There.

ANWAR

These are just your current account. Presumably there other savings, investments -

GEMMA

He handles the money, always has done -

ANWAR

Why?

GEMMA

He said he was better at it.

ANWAR

So you don't know your financial situation at all?

GEMMA

No, I suppose -

ANWAR

This project - what's it called?

GEMMA

Academy Green.

ANWAR

And will it pay off?

GEMMA

He says it's doing well.

ANWAR

He 'says'.

She stands up, and walks away.

GEMMA

Sorry. This is - no offence - but I'm not interested. This is really dull. This is not what my life is about. I just want to skip to the bit where I move on.

ANWAR

In a divorce he'll officially take fifty per cent of everything. Your salary, your savings, your pension.

GEMMA

He cheated. Not me.

ANWAR

Doesn't matter. Fifty per cent is the default. But if you're telling me he has complete control of your finances, he might already have hidden money away in preparation. Meaning you could get even less. Are you happy with that?

GEMMA

Of course not.

ANWAR

By not telling him that you know, you've got an unusual advantage. You can look into this without him suspecting anything.

GEMMA

So what do I do?

ANWAR

Depends what you want.

A moment. They look at each other. He is resolute and confident in a way that steadies her.

She sits back down, thinks for a moment.

GEMMA

I want my son to stay living in the town where he was born. I want to keep the life that I chose, the job that I love. My dignity. My money. My house.

ANWAR

Good. Then in the meantime find out what he's planning, how much money he's got, and while you do that, play the dutiful wife so he doesn't suspect a thing.

EXT. BUILDING SITE. DAY

We see we're in a roughly cordoned-off area for parking at the back of the old school building we saw in Episode One. Gemma starts to walk towards

the building, past the hoarding, with 'Simon Foster Property Development' and 'Academy Green' on it.

Gemma, dressed excellently, listens to Simon with Ros and Tom. Relaxed with the right amount of glamour - Gemma's playing the First Lady to Simon today, and she's going to look the part.

A group of about forty people are gathered in an old playground. Behind them, a derelict school. Builders wait, to start the work.

Simon's in the middle of the group. He looks excited, confident as he gives a speech to start the work. This is the fulfilment of his dream. In the crowd are supporters of the project, local individuals from the community and council, maybe a reporter from the local paper.

Behind him is a huge poster advertising Academy Green. In front of him is a model of the completed development.

SIMON

Good morning ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. Highbrook has a proud history. Generations of children have been educated here, including myself. Then three years ago the building was deemed unsuitable.

In the crowd, listening, we also see Neil and Anna.

Neil turns and notices Gemma looking at him. He smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)

The school relocated to a purpose-built facility, and now I'm proud that the Academy Green development will give a new lease of life to this historic site. Twenty luxury flats, right in the heart of town. This isn't just a business opportunity for me, but a way of protecting the legacy of a building I love. So I hope you'll all join me for a glass of champagne. Let's move forward. Let's build!

He smiles, proud, and slightly moved. This is really a big moment for him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Gemma)

Was it alright?

GEMMA

Yes.

INT. BUILDING SITE. PRESENTATION ROOM. DAY

In a room next to the playground, the crowd are now gathered, clutching plastic cups of champagne. Through the windows, the building work continues on the school.

Tom's watching, fascinated -

ANNA

That'll be you one day, Tom.

SIMON

Tom!

Tom turns to Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Come and have a look at the
model! Anna, Neil, come on.

Simon leads Tom and Anna across to a model of the
development. Neil's about to follow when he
catches Gemma's eye.

NEIL

He's not bad at this is he?
Public speaking.

GEMMA

He's worried about his suit.

NEIL

Why?

GEMMA

He says he looks like he's
selling cars.

NEIL

(he looks at him again)
Right, yes I see what you mean.

GEMMA

Neil, I wanted to ask, could we
find a moment to go over my
accounts? I've always left it to
Simon but I've realised perhaps
maybe I should pay more

attention. I thought you could
talk me through it.

NEIL

Sure.

GEMMA

Over dinner maybe.

Neil looks at her. Surprised by the proposition.
Smiles.

NEIL

Absolutely.

GEMMA

And maybe don't mention it to
Simon. I wouldn't want him
thinking that I don't trust him.

NEIL

Of course. Just let me know
when.

Neil goes across to join the others at the model.
As he does, Ros comes over -

ROS

Simon's right, this is historic.
I gave Karl Lucas a handjob
against that wall in 1993. And
now they're knocking it down.

Gemma looks at Simon, playing with the model.
Tom's loving it. Simon's being distracted by
Becky, who's stressed, asking him a lot of
questions...

ROS (CONT'D)

There was no internet or mobiles
in the early nineties. So, in a
town like this, nothing to do
except each other.

(beat)

Kate's changed surgery. We got
the paperwork through today.

GEMMA

Makes sense.

ROS

(beat)

Still need me tomorrow?

GEMMA

Yes.

ROS

Never been undercover before.
It's exciting.

GEMMA

Thanks.

ROS

Okay.

TOM

Mum? If you haven't seen the
model, you should.

They stop talking and turn, as Simon and Tom come
over.

GEMMA

Impressed?

TOM
(playing it cool)
I suppose...

GEMMA
Proud of your dad?

TOM
(smiling)
A bit.

Simon looks at Tom - that means a lot to him. He goes to Gemma and hugs her - kisses her.

SIMON
Thank you.

Gemma smiles - surprised and slightly embarrassed.

GEMMA
What for?

SIMON
(sincere, warm)
Everything.

GEMMA
(as warm, as sincere)
It's my pleasure.

CUT TO -

EXT. SANDBRIDGE HOUSES. DAY

Close on Carly as she nervously makes her way across the road, towards Kate's front door. She's very unsure about this, and after taking a few steps, chickens out - turns round and walks in the opposite direction, back down the road, and over to Gemma's car, which is hidden in a line of other cars.

Gemma is sat inside. She's close to Kate's house here - she knows she's taking a risk.

CARLY

She's gonna think I'm selling something, or mental.

GEMMA

You've moved round the corner, just thought you'd say hello.

CARLY

People don't do that any more.

GEMMA

They might if they're pregnant and want a sense of the community.

CARLY

(sarcastic)

Right, I'll just drop all that into the conversation...

GEMMA

Say you're tired, put your hand on your tummy, and she'll work it out.

Carly looks over at the house, unsure.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Just get her to like you. And then tomorrow, come back, get her talking about Simon, divorce, plans, anything. Worst that can happen, she shuts the door in your face. And if she does, I'll still give you the money.

CARLY

Okay, okay.

Carly goes back across the street, and goes up to Kate's door. Gemma watches from a distance, as Kate opens the door. She looks unhappy, in jeans and a hooded top. Carly talks with her, points, explains... Kate smiles politely. Starts to talk.

Gemma watches - gets a text message. From Ros - *'What time tomorrow? Ros'*

They talk some more. Gemma watches.

Gemma's replying to the text - *'After 8 o'clock. I'll be gone.'*

As she sends it, Carly and Kate say goodbye. Kate shuts the door. Carly walks back over to Gemma.

CARLY (CONT'D)

How did you know?

GEMMA

We moved here when I was pregnant. First thing I did? Made friends. At least... that's what I thought they were.

CUT TO -

INT. BRIDEWELL. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY

From the corridor we see into the bedroom. A group of people is stood round the bed - almost like a vigil. Helen is in bed. Around her are gathered, for a case conference, Simon and Gemma (Gemma's holding his hand for support), Luke, the home manager, Lilly, and the consultant anaesthetist, Doctor Stevens. Helen is frustrated by the whole thing.

DOCTOR STEVENS

We can stop the current medication, but in terms of a replacement it's difficult. Your pain has proven very resistant to treatment. From a medical perspective I would advise we go on as we are. But that's not to say there aren't any practical steps to make you more comfortable that you could discuss with the staff here.

LILLY

We're having those conversations.

DOCTOR STEVENS

Good. Good.

A moment.

LUKE

Alright. Thank you for coming.

SIMON

Thank you.

A moment. It's clearly the end of the meeting.
Everything's been said.

HELEN

That's it then. We just give up.

SIMON

Mum, no.

HELEN

If you have a pain in your head
like a drill all day, and all
night, how long do you wait?

SIMON

Wait...? What do you mean?

(beat)

Mum, it'll be okay.

He goes to her and she kisses him. They're close,
despite everything that's been going on. But he
clearly can't cope with this.

HELEN

It went well today?

SIMON

Yeah. Really well.

HELEN

Proud. You better get going.

SIMON

Call us if you need anything.
Love you, Mum.

He turns, still upset, but hiding it, and moves off to the corridor, to allow Gemma to say goodbye. Gemma goes in close to kiss Helen - she speaks quietly to her.

HELEN
You understand don't you?

GEMMA
Yes.

HELEN
I can't do this forever. I just can't...

GEMMA
I can't have this conversation.
We're not giving up. I promise.
I'll look into options.

She squeezes Helen's hand.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
See you very soon.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. EN-SUITE BATHROOM. EVENING

Gemma is getting ready to go out, putting on her make-up. Her hair now done. She looks great, sexy, ready.

If only she could feel those things too.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING

Gemma enters, now wearing heels for the evening, ready to go. All she needs is Simon to come back - and he's late. Tom is on his tablet.

TOM

You don't look normal.

GEMMA

You could just say I look nice.

TOM

Well yeah, that's what I mean.
It's unusual.

GEMMA

Thanks, Tom.

Simon comes in, exhausted, his tie already off.

SIMON

Long day. Taxi's outside.

GEMMA

(puts on her coat)

Right.

SIMON

Where are you going again?

GEMMA

Local Medical Committee dinner.

TOM

Sounds boring.

SIMON

Right. Okay. And that's a...

GEMMA

What?

SIMON

And you wear heels for that do you?

GEMMA

I'm a woman on a night out, so it's heels or flats, and flats don't go. What do you want me to wear? Trainers?

SIMON

No. Just. You look really...

GEMMA

What?

SIMON

(beat)

Doesn't matter.

GEMMA

No, don't stop there, on the way out the house. I look really what?

SIMON

(looking in a cupboard)

I'm knackered. Have we got any crisps?

GEMMA

I've had a tough day too.

SIMON
What time are you home?

GEMMA
Late.

SIMON
I might have gone to bed. Does
Tom know what he's having for
dinner?

TOM
Yes.

SIMON
(still not looking at her)
And is there anything for...

GEMMA
Left-overs in the fridge. Crisps
are in the bottom-left cupboard.
Tom can show you if you get
stuck.

SIMON
(barely listening)
Right...

He continues to root around. Gemma watches him for
a moment - he's a shit sometimes.

CUT TO -

EXT. DRIVEWAY. FOSTER HOUSE. EVENING

A scraping sound - like fingernails down a blackboard. As Gemma walks down the drive past Simon's immaculate car, she's holding her key out and leaving a long scratch down the side.

She gets to the cab, where the astonished driver has watched the whole thing.

CUT TO -

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. EVENING

Carly knocks on the door, and stands waiting. She has two identical books under her arm.

After a moment the door opens. It's Kate. She's in pyjamas, and her eyes are a bit red. She's clearly just been crying.

CARLY

Hi!

KATE

Hi.

CARLY

I know this is weird, I ordered
a copy of this book...

Carly holds up the book, *I Love Being Pregnant* by Dr Sandra Clacy.

CARLY (CONT'D)

...but I must've ordered it
twice cos I got two copies
through. I thought, well, you're

just down the road, you might
want it.

Carly almost winces at how bad and unconvincing
all this sounds to her. Kate looks a little
confused.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Simon opens the front door. It's Ros - smiling too
much, a little nervous. Not a natural liar.

ROS
Is Gemma about?

SIMON
She's at a dinner.

ROS
Oh. Annoying. You alright?

SIMON
Yeah.

ROS
Told her yet?

SIMON
(beat)
No.

ROS
Who's Kate changed doctors to?

SIMON

We shouldn't talk about all this now.

ROS

Is Tom...

SIMON

Upstairs.

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Kate and Carly at the front door.

KATE

Are you sure you don't wanna send it back?

CARLY

Nah. Hassle.

KATE

I can give you the money for it?

CARLY

(offering it)

No. Go on.

Kate smiles a little, and takes the book.

KATE

Thanks.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Ros and Simon at the front door.

ROS

I've come all the way over, it turns out, for no good reason, and I know you're going through a lot, but the normal thing, the polite thing would be to ask me in for a cup of tea -

EXT. KATE'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Carly turns to go, pleased with herself, next step done! Now she can leave and do something else -

KATE

Do you want to come in?

Carly stops. Her smile falls. What? This was not part of the plan. She turns back round. Kate's so obviously been crying, and she wants someone to talk to.

KATE (CONT'D)

Cup of tea?

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Ros and Simon at the front door.

ROS

- or a gin and tonic?

A pause. Simon looks at her, a little charmed - old friends. He opens the door.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. EVENING

Carly goes in nervously.

CARLY

Sure.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT

Ros enters and closes the front door behind her.

INT. BEDFORD ARMS. NIGHT

Gemma enters The Bedford Arms - a high-end gastropub. Lit well at night. She feels great. Tonight, for the first time in a long time, she is free, glamorous, unpredictable.

The tables are mostly in secluded corners, divided booths. This place is all about the food.

In an area in the corner - at a table with a candle on it - is Neil. He looks great. Attractive, not sleazy, just very assured. He sees Gemma and smiles, impressed. She sits down opposite him.

NEIL

Drink?

She smiles.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Over the beginning of the following conversation, we see Kate's house. It's small, new-build. One big room downstairs, with a small kitchen off it.

Kate's decorated it precisely, and very neatly. Everything has its place. Occasional nods to her age - a poster or an ironic soft toy. Photos on the mantelpiece. A photo of Kate with her parents - Chris and Susie.

Kate and Carly are sat drinking cups of tea.

KATE

Can I be honest with you? I keep forgetting I'm pregnant?

CARLY

You forget?

KATE

Yeah, yeah... it, it wasn't planned.

(beat)

So how's the dad? Sorry, are you with the dad?

CARLY

Huh. No. He was drinking eight pints a night and grabbing me when I got home - I had enough. Got rid of him.

KATE

Good.

CARLY

Better without. You?

KATE

Yeah, we're together.

CARLY

He doesn't live here though,
does he? You can tell. It's
spotless.

KATE

Yeah, well... long story.

CARLY

(sips her tea)

Go on.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Ros is sat on the sofa with a gin and tonic. Simon is by the television, anxiously fiddling with the remote control, changing the batteries.

SIMON

People say that the perfect
story is that you meet this one
person and fall completely in
love, and then from that moment
you don't need anyone else.
Despite the fact that the world
keeps changing, people change as
well, your work, your house and
everything alters, you're
expected to stick with just this
one person. And despite that
sounding unlikely, when I met
Gemma, I thought I could. I
thought actually, yes, I'll

never need anyone else. What I didn't realise, is that it's possible to feel that about two different people at the same time.

ROS

You're still in love with...

SIMON

With Gemma. Of course. Yes! And Kate. Both of them.

(beat)

The moment I tell Gemma I lose her. And I lose my son. Weekends, evenings, and he'll know the truth and he'll hate me.

ROS

And that's the only reason you haven't told her?

SIMON

(pause)

She asked you to come tonight, didn't she?

ROS

No.

SIMON

She suspects.

ROS

(beat - nervous)

Alright, yes. Well she, she doesn't think that you're with someone else. She's worried that you may be hiding something with the business, the money. She thought you might open up.

SIMON

Why would she think anything's wrong with the money?

ROS

She's probably noticed how stressed you look.

SIMON

I don't look stressed.

ROS

Stressed is an understatement. Actually you're right, you don't look stressed you look ill.

Simon stands. Gives up on the remote. Looks away. Emotional.

ROS (CONT'D)

Is there something wrong? With the money?

SIMON

Well, if there was I wouldn't tell you now, would I? You'd just go straight back to Gemma.

ROS

I'm not on her side, I'm stuck in the middle. I just want

what's best. Tell me the truth.

He looks at her. Smiles a little, almost hysterical.

SIMON

The truth... about the money?

(he holds up his fingers)

Is that everything's about this far from fucked.

INT. BEDFORD ARMS. NIGHT

Neil and Gemma are sat, having just finished the starter. On the table is an already mostly finished bottle of wine. As the waiters clear away the plates, Neil tops up Gemma's glass.

NEIL

Financial matters?

GEMMA

Yeah. As our accountant, I hoped you could talk me through things.

NEIL

Over dinner.

GEMMA

Yeah.

NEIL

Earnings, tax, that sort of thing?

GEMMA
That sort of thing exactly.

NEIL
Right.

(playing)
Well, I'm afraid I didn't bring
any files with me.

GEMMA
(playing along)
That's a shame.

NEIL
I forgot.

GEMMA
I always had you down as
organised.

NEIL
Me too.

GEMMA
We'll just have to enjoy the
food.

A pause. Neil watches her. Enjoying this. He leans
forward.

NEIL
The way Simon describes you when
you first met. Very different to
now.

GEMMA
How does he describe me?

NEIL

He makes you sound like an animal.

GEMMA

Really?

NEIL

Feral.

GEMMA

(smiles)

You don't see that?

Gemma looks at him. He doesn't answer.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

How is Simon? You see him more than I do some weeks. Tell me how he's getting on, at work.

NEIL

Simon's ambitious. As you know. This project's a big step for him.

GEMMA

Will it make money?

NEIL

I expect so.

GEMMA

So it's going well?

(beat)

He won't tell me. Thinks I'll worry.

NEIL
(watching what she's doing)
Right...

GEMMA
As you know from our accounts,
I've supported him over the last
few years as he's started out.
So I'm keen it doesn't all go
wrong now.

NEIL
You're spying.

GEMMA
What?

NEIL
Like a doctor I can't disclose
anything that happens with my
clients -

GEMMA
I'm not.

NEIL
Even if the person asking is
extremely persuasive.

GEMMA
I'm just making conversation.

NEIL
Well, I don't want to talk about
his work. Actually, I don't
really want to talk about Simon

at all so if that's why you're here -

GEMMA

(smiles)

I'm here because I think that life is passing me by and I'm missing out.

(beat)

I don't care what we talk about.

She pours more wine into both their glasses. He takes his and drinks.

NEIL

(beat)

Let me give you a test. I'm going to tell you why I'm here, and if it offends you, you can get up, go home, we never have to speak of it again. But if it doesn't, you can stay sat right there.

GEMMA

Go on then. Why are you here Neil?

NEIL

Because in the last five years I've thought a lot about your body and it's got to the point that I desperately want to know what's going on underneath that dress. Basically Gemma I'm here because I think we'd have a really good time fucking.

He sits back. Said it. Gemma looks at him. She could go now.

She still looks at him. Strong.

The waiter comes over.

WAITER

Are you ready for the main course?

GEMMA

Yes I think we are.

He nods and goes. She smiles at Neil.

He smiles and drinks his wine.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Kate and Carly talk.

CARLY

You've met her?

KATE

Couple of times. She's arrogant. Looks down at people. Sorry, I sound like a bitch but -

CARLY

Is that why he wanted someone else?

KATE

What?

CARLY

That she's arrogant.

KATE

He didn't.

CARLY

No, I mean -

KATE

He didn't want 'someone else',
it was about us, we got on. He
wasn't looking to cheat.
Actually that was always the
problem. I said to him you need
to tell her straight away or
it's over. That was two years
ago.

CARLY

And now you've got a baby.

KATE

I was going to get rid of it.

(beat)

Sorry, you, you probably don't
want hear that -

CARLY

It's fine.

KATE

I wasn't ready but he knows I
want kids eventually, so he said
why not? Promised me that if I
kept the baby he'd tell her

straight away. But nearly two weeks later...

Kate looks very upset.

KATE (CONT'D)

He'd said we'd get a proper house together, that he'd move her out to London with their son.

CARLY

Has he got a divorce lawyer, all of that?

KATE

I doubt it.

(beat)

He's showing no signs of breaking up with her at all. I've thought recently maybe I should -

CARLY

Should? What, leave him?

KATE

How did you feel when you split up with yours?

CARLY

Terrible.

KATE

Right.

CARLY

For two days. And then I felt better.

KATE

So you didn't regret it?

CARLY

Not at all.

Kate looks at her. A determination growing.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Simon moves to the sofa where Ros is sitting.

ROS

The only way out is to tell her the truth and deal with what happens.

SIMON

I can do it. The money's there, it'll all be fine once we start selling the flats. It, it's close but I need time... six months maybe.

ROS

You want to keep all of this going for another six months?

SIMON

I have to.

ROS

What about the baby?

Simon turns away, upset.

SIMON

Yeah. Well.

A noise on the stairs. Simon breaks away from Ros, wipes his eyes quickly.

The door opens. Tom comes in, in his pyjamas. He sees Ros, looks upset.

TOM

Oh... hi, Ros.

ROS

Hiya.

TOM

(to Simon)

When's Mum home?

SIMON

She might be late. You okay?

TOM

(looking at them both)

Yeah, I'm fine.

SIMON

(sees something's wrong)

Sure?

TOM

(a glance at Ros)

Yeah. I was going to ask her something, but it doesn't matter.

SIMON

Okay.

TOM

Yeah, bye.

He goes.

SIMON

Night, mate. I'll come and see
you in a minute.

Simon suddenly turns away. Moved.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(slightly desperate)

Please don't tell her anything's
wrong. Say the money's good.
It'll all work out best for
everyone in the end. I promise.

INT. BEDFORD ARMS. NIGHT

Gemma and Neil have finished dessert, and another
bottle and a half of wine. They've both loosened
up.

NEIL

I booked a room. Upstairs. They
have good rooms. And I booked
one. So there it is. Now you
know.

GEMMA

I already knew.

NEIL
(disappointed)

Oh.

GEMMA
When I went to the bathroom I
checked with reception.

NEIL
You went to the bathroom when
you first arrived.

GEMMA
That's right.

NEIL
So you've known my intentions
all evening.

GEMMA
Neil, I've known your intentions
for five years.

NEIL
Oh God. You make me sound
desperate.

GEMMA
It would only be desperate if
you were trapped in this
marriage with Anna, and
completely in love with the
woman across the street, but I
don't think that's the
case. Is it?

(beat)

I'm not unique, am I? I'm not
the first other woman.

NEIL

There have been other women,
yes.

GEMMA

What are you into?

NEIL

What you mean...

GEMMA

Why do you do it, these women?

NEIL

Honestly... Pleasure.

GEMMA

Right. So, let me be specific.
What are you into?

NEIL

Don't ask questions like that
lightly, cos they have an effect
coming from you.

GEMMA

I know.

She waits for an answer.

NEIL

Nothing weird.

GEMMA

(playing)

Shame.

NEIL

Physical.

GEMMA

Sort of has to be physical.

NEIL

Anna's great. I love her. But she's into it being loving, calm, gentle. So... sometimes I like to... go for it.

Gemma laughs.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Right, I'm better at doing than describing. I don't fucking know. I improvise. What about you?

A moment. She thinks. Then looks at him.

INT. BEDFORD ARMS. ROOM. NIGHT

A luxury room. Minibar, big bed. Everything's comfortable and designed. As Gemma enters, Neil takes a bottle of champagne that's in an ice bucket, and opens it. He pours it into two glasses. Gives one to her. They drink, without saying anything.

Then Neil puts the glass down and unbuttons his shirt.

Gemma stands and looks at him.

NEIL

I think we start by taking off
our clothes...

GEMMA

I'm married. I made a promise.

He looks at her.

NEIL

I'll let you into a secret.
There are only two types of
married men. Those you know who
cheat on their wives, and those
who are better at hiding it.
Every man I've met who's in a
long-term relationship, they've
all been unfaithful at one point
or another.

GEMMA

Really?

NEIL

It's biological. Men like sex.
They can hang around with one
woman, but only if now and then,
they're allowed to fulfil their
function. I don't feel guilty.

GEMMA

What about women?

NEIL

Well I think women probably like
sex too.

(beat)
The point is. It's, it's all
very common.

(beat)
Up to you.

Gemma drinks her champagne, then walks across to him, and kisses him. Tentatively at first.

They kiss again, but now it's passionate. Taking off each other's clothes, taking off their own.

They fall onto the bed - a blur of close-ups - breathing - kissing - clothes taken off - her on top -

But we're not shooting this like Hollywood - this is real.

Really good, equal, vigorous sex.

There's a moment, where we see Gemma think of Simon... think of what she's doing, but she puts it out of her mind and carries on, more into it than ever -

More and more - until we -

SNAP TO BLACK.

INT. BEDFORD ARMS. ROOM. DAY

Slow fade-up of light as Neil wakes. The morning light is coming through a crack in the curtains. There's a light on in the bathroom. He smiles,

then opens the curtains a little more, to let light into the room.

He gets out of bed, puts on a towelled robe. Pours himself some water. Happy, content.

The bathroom door opens and Gemma comes out wearing last night's dress. He makes a slight move to kiss her but she changes direction to put a few things in her bag.

GEMMA

I've got work.

Neil looks at the time - it's 4.30 a.m.

NEIL

Already?

GEMMA

I have to go home first.

NEIL

I thought we might have another go.

GEMMA

When do we tell Anna?

Neil smiles.

NEIL

Yeah. Or Simon for that matter. Wait! What if we don't?

GEMMA

I'm serious. She's my friend.

Neil smiles again. Drinks the water.

NEIL

Well you didn't think about Anna too much last night.

GEMMA

I know. She's going to be really upset, but she'd be far more upset if she finds out that we tried to hide it from her.

NEIL

What are you doing?

GEMMA

I'm saying we should be honest.

NEIL

No, no, no you're not, you're playing a game and I don't get it so it's making me nervous.

GEMMA

I don't like deceit.

NEIL

I'm not going to tell Anna about this and neither are you. If you did, I could tell Simon.

GEMMA

Go ahead. I'll tell him myself.

NEIL

What do you want?

Beat. She waits.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Was last night to blackmail me?

GEMMA

In reverse order: no, last night was because I fancy you and I wanted to have a good night. I enjoyed the sex, the company, last night was fantastic - everything I'd hoped for.

(beat)

But this morning? What do I want? Well if you're asking me to lie, I want something to make up for it.

NEIL

Like what?

GEMMA

Simon's accounts. His personal and business. Copies of everything stretching back the last three years, every detail, not just the official stuff. I'm going to have them looked at so don't try and hide anything.

NEIL

That's a lot of work.

GEMMA

I want them this afternoon.

NEIL

It's not possible to get all that together.

GEMMA

How long have you been married?
Fifteen years? I've seen you and
Anna together a lot. You look
after her, you take her on
holiday, you genuinely love her,
don't you? She's what really
matters.

NEIL

Yes.

GEMMA

What we just did, it's just a
bonus.

NEIL

Why do you want his accounts?

GEMMA

Because I think there are things
going on in our finances that I
don't know about.

(beat)

Am I right?

NEIL

Now I see it.

GEMMA

See what?

NEIL

Feral.

GEMMA

(beat)

This afternoon. Your office, or
at home?

Pause.

NEIL

Home. Anna's out.

She goes to him and kisses him on the cheek.

GEMMA

Honestly, it was really good.

She leaves.

Neil sits on the bed, confused, exhausted.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Gemma comes in. She's exhausted and hungover. The clock says 5.10 a.m. She pours herself a pint of water. Drinks it.

Then goes through into the hall.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALL. DAY

Gemma is about to go up the stairs - but doesn't want to explain herself. She thinks again, turns and goes into the living room.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Gemma goes to the armchair, sits on it, pulls a throw over herself -

SUDDEN CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

The same, but bright light. It's the morning.

TOM

Mum...

Gemma snaps awake to find Tom and Simon both looking at her. Both serious. Tom's sat on the armchair. Simon's stood. He hands her a mug of coffee, which she takes.

SIMON

Late night?

TOM

You don't look well.

GEMMA

(standing)

I'm fine. I just need a shower.
What's the time?

TOM

Eight o'clock.

GEMMA

Oh...

Gemma drinks from the cup of coffee. Sheepish.

SIMON
You had a good time?

GEMMA
(guilty)
Yeah.

She looks at them both.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
What?

Simon picks up the tablet.

SIMON
Last night Tom was looking at
CheckmyGP, it's a ratings site
for -

GEMMA
(sharp)
What are you looking at that
for?

TOM
Harry told me about it.

SIMON
Because normally they say good
things. And he's proud of you.

GEMMA
Right. Right. So what d'you
mean... normally?

Simon gives her the tablet.

TOM

They started last night.

Gemma reads the comments.

A moment, while she takes it in.

GEMMA

Have you read all of these?

TOM

Most of them.

GEMMA

They're not true.

SIMON

We'll get them taken down, won't we? Sometimes people write things like this on the internet.

TOM

Why?

SIMON

Someone wants to get at Mum.

TOM

Who?

SIMON

(looks at Gemma)

We don't know.

GEMMA

(quietly)

I'll deal with this. I should have a shower.

She turns and goes and we CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY

Gemma enters the reception and bumps into Luke, arriving back from visiting Helen.

GEMMA

You've just seen Helen?

LUKE

Yes, and I agree with the specialist. There's not much to be done in terms of medication. So we talked through changes to the home, management - coping strategies.

GEMMA

I don't know that that's enough.

LUKE

(he agrees)

Yeah.

(beat)

And she asked me to tell you that she wanted to see you. Today if possible.

GEMMA

Okay, thanks.

Ros enters.

ROS

(to Luke)

Busy morning!

She beams at Luke, who goes.

ROS (CONT'D)

I give up.

Luke comes back.

LUKE

Ros. Sorry, can I just say that
I'm not really comfortable with
flirting. Not at work.

ROS

Okay.

LUKE

Is that alright?

ROS

(defensive)

Yeah. Fine.

LUKE

Thanks.

He goes. Ros turns to Gemma.

ROS

I've gone off him.

They walk down the corridor - we follow them -

ROS (CONT'D)

Last night...

Ros struggles to maintain her honesty, but also her commitment to Simon not to tell Gemma.

ROS (CONT'D)

The bad news is I had to tell him you'd sent me.

GEMMA

Why?

ROS

Because he guessed, so I said alright, yes, you asked me to come round but it was only because you were worried about the money.

GEMMA

And?

ROS

He said there's enough to keep the project going and in time it'll, it'll be okay.

GEMMA

So no problems then?

ROS

(careful)

He... seemed sure that it would all work out.

GEMMA

But if that's true, now that she's pregnant, why doesn't he just come out and tell me?

What's he waiting for? I'm told
Kate has exactly the same
question.

ROS

How do you know?

Gemma doesn't reply.

ROS (CONT'D)

(beat)

I know it's weird, but from what
he said last night... he still
loves you. Maybe that's the
reason.

(beat)

And it's good to be loved,
Gemma. It really is.

Ros disappears into her room.

Gemma just stands for a moment. That last comment
caught her unawares. He loves her?

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Gemma sits opposite Neil at the table. In front of
him are piles of paper. He shows her various
documents, efficiently and quickly. Gemma's
disorientated by it all. She's struggling to keep
up. We're jumping in halfway through -

NEIL

So as you can see he's raided
everything.

GEMMA

My friend said he had it under control.

NEIL

Well, your friend was wrong.
ISA, savings, Tom's fund for university -

GEMMA

That money came from my parents when they died.

NEIL

Remortgaged the house...

GEMMA

I'm sorry?

NEIL

Presumably you know about that.
You signed it.

Neil hands over another piece of paper - a mortgage agreement with a forged signature.

Gemma looks at it.

GEMMA

No, I didn't.

Neil looks at it, and her.

NEIL

Okay, well... look, I don't give advice, I just do the accounts.
(beat)

But you really shouldn't have just left it up to him. He can barely add up. Let alone run a business.

(beat)

Anyway, as you can imagine, all that wasn't nearly enough. He got halfway into it, secured the building but had no funds for the development itself. Then this new investor arrives. 'White Stone', starts ploughing in cash. So far, just over a million, in a number of instalments. That's how he's managed to start the work.

GEMMA

Who's 'White Stone'?

NEIL

No idea. They're registered offshore so I can't find out. Simon won't tell me. If that money keeps coming in, what you've heard from your friend is right, he might get to the end of the project, sell the flats, make it all back, and a lot more.

(beat)

But if for any reason it stops, he'll be bankrupt within a week.

GEMMA

My savings, mortgage, everything.

NEIL

Gone.

She gathers up the papers, and puts them in the cardboard box they came in.

NEIL (CONT'D)

If Simon asks how you got this information -

GEMMA

(gathering up her things)
I'll make something up.

NEIL

(with an implication...)
And if you need any more information or advice, we could meet again.

GEMMA

(laughs disbelievingly)
I'm sorry? Neil, I'm blackmailing you.

NEIL

(shrugs)

Yeah.

(beat)

The truth is I don't really like Simon. He's a mate, he's a client, but he's patronising. Thinks he knows it all. It's annoying.

(beat)

I keep thinking about last night.

(beat)

We could meet again. If you want.

GEMMA

White Stone?

NEIL

Yeah.

GEMMA

Will you keep trying? To find out who it is?

The sound of the front door opening. It's Anna.

ANNA (O.S.)

Hello! Not a bad day out there now. Got bread and wipes for the kitchen but there was some...

Anna comes through into the kitchen and sees Gemma stood. Neil sat at the table.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh! Hi! I didn't know you were here.

GEMMA

Neil was helping with my accounts. I think we've got everything sorted, so I should probably head off. Sorry, I'm in a hurry -

Gemma goes. Anna looks at Neil intensely.

INT. BRIDEWELL. DAY

Gemma stands at the foot of Helen's bed. Helen is a little upset. Worried.

HELEN

He'll get nothing once the divorce starts, it'll all come out, him taking your money, forging your signature -

GEMMA

Yes, and the project will collapse probably. We'll lose it all. But I earn enough. And what he's done only strengthens my case. Tom and me, we'll be okay.

Helen looks away. She's crying.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

And I promise we'll always look after you.

HELEN

What about him? You probably don't care, I understand that. But you'll look after him? You won't leave him with nothing?

They look at each other. Helen looks worried. Gemma takes her hand. Holds it tight.

GEMMA

It'll be fair. I promise.

A look between them, of understanding.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY

The sound of a phone's dialling tone and it being answered. Gemma's car drives along the lane.

GEMMA (O.S.)

Anwar, hi, I think I've got everything. I want to proceed. Can you call me back?

EXT. PARMINSTER. DAY

We see Parminster in the bright morning sun - going to work. Traffic, shoppers, school run...

INT. ROSE AND CROWN. DAY

It's late afternoon. Carly is behind the bar, in the pub, taking glasses out of the dishwasher. She's humming to herself. (Adele? Sam Smith?) In the pub are a few people at the tables (no one at the bar). Not a busy day, but a bit of custom.. There's an almost tranquil atmosphere. Cutlery. People talking. Which is broken by -

Kate who storms in and goes straight to Carly at the bar. Kate is furious. Upset.

CARLY

Hey. What's the matter?

Carly crosses to Kate.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

KATE

I did it.

CARLY

What? Your boyfriend...

Simon enters.

KATE

Oh shit, he followed me...

He's furious, but also very concerned they're doing this in public. As he comes straight over to Kate, Carly instinctively turns away and cleans the surfaces, overhearing the following:

SIMON

We can't do this in here -

KATE

I told you I'm only keeping it if you finish it with her. You said you would.

SIMON

I want to.

KATE

It's not good enough that. Anyway, it's gone now. It's better. It's my body. It's up to me.

SIMON

You know why I couldn't tell her.

KATE

Either go and tell her now, or
that is it.

SIMON
It was my child too.

KATE
Are you going to go and tell
her?

SIMON
(beat. Hard now)
No.

A moment. They look at each other. She's almost
expecting him to keep arguing now. To keep trying.
But Simon makes a decision. He's very upset, but
almost more sure, more calm now.

SIMON (CONT'D)
You're right. You shouldn't wait
any more.

He stares at her a second, then goes, really
upset.

EXT. PARK OVERLOOKING PARMINSTER. DAY

Gemma and Carly sit on a bench overlooking the
town. Gemma's taking in what Carly's told her
happened in the pub.

GEMMA
And do you think it's really
over?

CARLY

She had it done without telling him. He looked like he'd never forget that. Maybe it doesn't matter, but in the end, he was the one that finished it. He told her not to wait.

GEMMA

(beat)

That doesn't change anything.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Close on Simon, sat in an armchair in front of the TV.

We're close enough to see, from the light of the TV, that his eyes are full of tears.

Tom is on the sofa watching the same thing, laughing. He hasn't noticed anything wrong with his dad.

Gemma appears at the door, watches them for a moment. They don't see her.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING

Gemma begins to unwrap a frozen pizza.

Simon enters. He looks utterly drained.

SIMON

Everything alright?

GEMMA

Just about.

Gemma looks at him. Wishes she could talk to him about everything - but he's the problem...

SIMON

Hard at the moment, isn't it?

Gemma smiles bitterly, then turns away and carries on with the pizzas.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We were watching a thing. It's,
it's funny.

Simon wants to go near her, be with her, but can't.

GEMMA

I'll be over in a minute.

He looks at her, then goes. Gemma puts the pizzas in the oven. Sad, but determined.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. EVENING

Gemma, Simon and Tom are sat together on the sofa watching TV and eating the pizza.

Simon's sat in a chair on his own - grim-faced. Devastated. Things couldn't get any worse than they are right now...

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. GEMMA'S BEDROOM. DAY

It's early. The red neon alarm clock says 5.18 a.m.

The phone's ringing.

Gemma wakes. Simon's already walking round to her side of the bed. He picks up the phone and answers it - bleary.

SIMON
(on phone)

Hello? Yes?

The blood drains out of his face - he's utterly shocked.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Yeah, yeah. I'll be there as soon as I can.

EXT. BRIDEWELL. HELEN'S BEDROOM. DAY

Helen's body is sprawled on her bed. On the table next to her is a written note.

A police officer makes notes.

INT. BRIDEWELL. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma and Simon wait, having just arrived. Luke comes towards them, having been with the police. Simon and Gemma go with him.

LUKE

I'm so sorry.

(beat)

Have the police spoken to you?

GEMMA

No.

SIMON

They just said to wait.

Luke looks around - this is against procedure but he can't just leave them hanging. He talks quietly.

LUKE

She took an overdose of sleeping pills. Left a short note. It says that the pain had got too much, and she couldn't carry on.

SIMON

But... then why didn't she tell us.

GEMMA

She did.

SIMON

Yes but -

GEMMA

We knew she was suffering, there just wasn't anything that we could do to help.

A moment. Simon takes it in. Gemma watches him, goes to him.

SIMON

How did she get the pills?

LUKE

In the note she talks about storing them up for a long time, pretending to take them and saving them. This sort of thing. It does happen.

(quietly, to Gemma)

You never gave her -

GEMMA

I'm sorry?

LUKE

Something they asked me. Whether you might.

GEMMA

I wouldn't.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Gemma comes into the kitchen. Puts a wrapped present down on the table. Simon comes in. They look at each other, apprehensive of what they're about to do...

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY

Tom appears in the doorway of the room, having been called.

TOM

What's happened?

He finds Simon and Gemma waiting for him. Gemma's holding the present.

GEMMA

Come and sit down.

He picks up on the tone, and does.

Gemma looks at Simon.

SIMON

Mate, you know Granny was very ill. She was hurting all the time.

TOM

Yeah.

SIMON

Well I'm afraid last night, she passed away. She died in her sleep.

Tom just looks at his dad. Eyes wide, about to cry.

TOM

She's...

SIMON

It was peaceful, she's not in pain any more.

Tom's trying really hard not to cry. This makes his dad go too.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It's really sad. I'm sorry.

They hug tightly. Simon reaches for Gemma and the three of them hug together.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. BACK GARDEN. NIGHT

An hour later. Through the glass doors at the back of the house, in the kitchen, we see Tom at the table. He's unwrapped the present and Gemma is talking to him.

GEMMA

I thought it might help. Maybe you could give it a try? You think it's silly?

She looks outside to where Simon is standing.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna go and see your dad.

She walks out to where Simon is standing in the garden. The outside light is on, and they both seem shattered. Simon just needs some air.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

When my mum and dad died, the woman who looked after me, Mary, she gave me a notebook to write down how I felt. Stupid.

SIMON

Not at all.

Simon looks away, devastated, but holding it in. So much in his head right now. Gemma looks at him - despite everything, she wants to help.

She moves closer to him. Unsure what to do, driven almost by instinct. He's also unsure. Both of them desperate not to be dishonest right now.

They look at each other.

She takes his hand.

This compassion is enough to make him go. He cries. They don't hug but he appreciates just this. Just the hand.

Her phone rings.

GEMMA

Sorry...

She moves away. It's Anwar.

She looks at it. Then back to her husband. After everything she's set up, she still loves Simon. Still wants him. And maybe the affair is really over, and they can still save what they have.

She looks at Tom in the kitchen.

Then we're close on her as she walks round the side of the house - away from them both, and answers the phone, discreetly.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hi. Anwar. Yeah... No.

(beat)

I've changed my mind. We're
alright.

(beat)

We're going to try again.

CUT TO -

A moment later. Simon sits on the step. Gemma comes back to him. She touches his shoulder to let him know she's there, and he almost immediately collapses into her, hugging her, crying. She hugs him back. We get the sense it's not just Helen that's making him cry like this. Making him cling on to his wife now.

Tom comes out from the kitchen - very upset. He goes to his mum and dad, they hug him together, as he cries.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE FOUR

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Gemma watches Tom and Simon in the kitchen as she stands in the hall.

TOM

Do we have any butter?!

SIMON

Mate I used it this morning, let me have a look - Did you try the fridge?

(shows Tom the butter)

Hey presto... the butter!

Gemma watches as Simon helps Tom make a sandwich. It should be a lovely family scene, but...

SIMON (CONT'D)

What did your last servant die of? Cholera?

TOM

What's cholera?

SIMON

Cholera is like typhoid. 'What's typhoid?'

Gemma looks on the wall. There's a framed black-and-white photo of the two of them. In love. As they should be.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Typhoid is what?

TOM
Typhoid...

SIMON
Typhoid, yeah, it's very
serious.

TOM
Thai food?

SIMON
Do you want lemon curd?

TOM
I thought you said Typhoo.

SIMON
Typhoo is a brand of tea. Thai
food is quite nice.

Gemma enters the kitchen to see Simon eating toast
with lemon curd.

GEMMA
(laughs)
Lemon curd!

INT. SURGERY. OFFICE. DAY

Close on Gemma - surrounded by sudden noise and
bustle. Harsh light. The surgery feels different.
Sharper. The waiting room packed. Ros sorts papers
next to Gemma. They talk quietly.

ROS
He still hasn't admitted it?

GEMMA
I doubt he ever will.

ROS
And you haven't told him that
you know.

GEMMA
We're just moving on.

ROS
With this massive secret sat
underneath the relationship?!

Nick comes past, on the way to his office.

NICK
Can I speak with you?

GEMMA
Sure. Two minutes.

Nick goes off for a moment. Ros carries on,
quietly -

ROS
You're sure you're okay? It's
just very sudden. After
everything how can you simply
take him back -

GEMMA
(turns to her sharply)
Because we have a child
together, a life together,

fourteen years under our belt so
if there's any way of keeping
all of that, I have to try.

A moment.

ROS

And you honestly think that he's
never going to see her again?

GEMMA

I'm told when they broke up, it
was very final. Nick...

NICK

There's been a complaint -

Gemma turns and leaves the room, out of reception,
towards the corridor. Nick follows her, as do we.
As they go, Ros watches Gemma, concerned...

INT. SURGERY - CORRIDOR. DAY

- following Nick and Gemma walking towards Gemma's
room.

GEMMA

Fantastic. Another one. The
power of the internet. The
latest yesterday was that I
don't dress appropriately for a
senior doctor. He was annoyed I
wore
a skirt.

NICK

This one's not online. He came in and asked to speak to me personally.

GEMMA

Who is it?

NICK

He's requested anonymity for the time being. I'm speaking to the GMC -

GEMMA

Why the GMC? Doctors get complaints all the time.

NICK

Yes, but as you say there's also the comments on the website, and what happened with your mother-in-law -

GEMMA

My mother-in-law took her own life, I don't know why everyone -

NICK

It's as much about protecting you as anything. This new complaint. He talked about your personal life - your marriage.

Nick makes to leave.

GEMMA

Wait!

Gemma stops and looks right at him. This scares him slightly.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You really can't tell me who this is?

NICK

Sorry.

GEMMA

Fine.

Nick goes off, Gemma goes into her room.

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. SURGERY. GEMMA'S OFFICE. DAY

Gemma comes in, dumps her bag by the desk. Wakes up the computer, about to start work as she usually does, but then goes to the web browser - finding a website.

She glances at the clock - nearly 8.45 a.m., time for the first appointment. We come back to the computer, and see she's on CHECKMYGP.COM.

Under her name Doctor Gemma Foster, Parminster, are a list of mostly negative comments.

Rude attitude, poor behaviour / DON'T VISIT THIS GP! / just found this and so pleased other people are saying the same thing / she's really rude.

As Gemma reads them, she gets increasingly upset, then there's a knock on the door.

GEMMA

Come in.

Gemma shuts the page down and turns to find Gordon.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Gordon! Long time no see!

GORDON

You're not normally sarcastic.

GEMMA

Sorry?

GORDON

(upset)

'Long time no see.' That's what I expect from the others.

GEMMA

Sorry. Come on. Come in, sit down.

(she takes a breath)

Let's start again. What's wrong?

GORDON

My shoes don't fit any more.

GEMMA

Your shoes?

GORDON

Yes.

(beat)

There must be something wrong with my feet.

Gemma stares at him for a moment.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Gemma is cooking - but it's going wrong. There's curry in a saucepan, but the heat's on too high, and it's burning. Rice is in another pan, which is also on too high, and the water's spilling out on to the hobs.

Gemma's failing at this because her hands are shaking. The stress of it all. This should be simple!

She can't contain it much more...

Meanwhile Simon and Tom are sat at the island in the kitchen; talking, waiting for dinner.

TOM

Were you sick?

SIMON

I don't think you're picking up on the right bit of the story.

TOM

Yeah Mum just said, when you and her met you had a few too many.

SIMON

Me? No. Only one of us was tipsy that night.

Gemma accidentally tips the sieve and the rice goes in the sink, as well as the water.

GEMMA

Shit.

SIMON

You okay?

GEMMA

Yeah, yeah.

SIMON

(back to Tom)

You wanna be careful of alcohol.
Makes you say things you
shouldn't and stand on chairs.

Gemma fishes the rice out of the sink and puts it
on the plates. She's trying to stay breezy,
casual...

TOM

What do you mean?

SIMON

I think we need to tell him the
whole thing.

GEMMA

Fine.

SIMON

It was your mum who'd drunk too
much that night. She stood on
this chair, looked around, and
then saw me, pointed, and said I
was the best-looking man in the
room.

TOM
(laughs)

You?

GEMMA
(plating up the food)
Your dad was younger then, and
the room was not in a very nice
pub -

SIMON
It's true there wasn't much
competition.

TOM
Then what?

GEMMA
They started to play ABBA, I
tried to dance on the chair, but
fell off. Your dad helped me up
and said that maybe I should
have some food. We got a curry.
And that's how we met.

They move to the table and she hands them plates
of curry.

He looks at the food. Realises.

SIMON
Oh god! It's today. That's why
you were talking about it. I'm
an idiot.

GEMMA
Don't worry.

SIMON

I'm so sorry.

TOM

What have you done?

SIMON

Every year, since then, on the
26th of May, your mum makes a
curry. And I get her a card.

TOM

But you forgot?

(cheeky)

Dad! You are rubbish sometimes.

SIMON

Yeah...

Simon looks a little forlorn.

GEMMA

Honestly. It's okay. You've been
busy.

Simon slides his plate and table mat to one side.

Underneath is a card addressed to 'Dr Foster'. He
takes it and gives it to her.

TOM

You liar!

She smiles, and takes it. She opens it. On the
front of the card it says 'I REALLY FUCKING FANCY
YOU.' Gemma's surprised.

TOM (CONT'D)

Can I see?

GEMMA

No.

She opens it. Inside he's written '*Seriously. All my love Simon xx*'

Simon and Gemma stare at each other.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Thank you.

A spark flickering again between them... it's been a while.

Simon drinks from his glass of wine.

SHARP CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Simon and Gemma having great sex. Passionate, very loving - as if they haven't seen each other for a long time.

Kissing, intense, looking at each other, deeply, in the eyes.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT

Simon and Gemma curled up together. Content.

GEMMA

Everything's going wrong at work.

SIMON

Can I do anything?

GEMMA

Will you beat them up?

SIMON

Tuesday?

GEMMA

Perfect.

She smiles, cosy. Content. A buzz. Simon's phone is on the side table - a text. A moment.

Then he reaches across to read it. As he does we see Gemma trying to ignore it. Trying not to be suspicious.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

SIMON

Yeah... just a problem.

He turns it off, comes back and cuddles her.

GEMMA

At work?

SIMON

Yeah. Yeah, it's fine.

She wants to be comforted, wants this to work. But there's so much doubt now... getting in the way...

CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. RECEPTION/CORRIDOR. DAY

Gemma walks in. The usual horde of waiting patients. She smiles to Julie, who smiles back, but a little nervously, and glances behind her, looking for Nick. As Gemma's about to go past the reception desk, Nick appears from the back office, and stops her.

NICK

Can I have a word?

GEMMA

Sure.

CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. MEETING ROOM. DAY

Gemma is in the room with Ros and Nick. Gemma goes to sit in one of the three chairs.

NICK

Ah. Sorry... can you sit on this side?

GEMMA

There's only three of us Nick,
I'm not sure it matters.

ROS

We should take it seriously.

Gemma looks at Ros. What's she doing...?

GEMMA

(beat)

Here?

NICK

Thank you.

Ros sits down next to Nick. A moment, when they all face each other. Gemma's watching them, bemused, impatient.

NICK (CONT'D)

You've got the outline details of the complaint there that you threatened to burn this man with a lit cigarette. I'm assuming you deny it?

GEMMA

Of course.

NICK

As you know, normally there are internal procedures -

GEMMA

There are.

NICK

But I spoke to the GMC this morning and they indicated we that should consider the wider context -

GEMMA

What's going on?

ROS

(slightly sharp)

Gemma, if you let Nick finish
he'll explain.

Gemma's surprised. Waits for Nick to continue.

NICK

Obviously the online comments
are anonymous but we can't
ignore them entirely.

ROS

To an outside eye, they might
appear to have a pattern of
behaviour.

Gemma looks at Ros - surprised at this
interruption.

NICK

Also we've had the police here,
asking questions about the death
of your mother-in-law.

GEMMA

Who talked to them?

NICK

Luke, mostly, he was -

GEMMA

Mostly?

ROS

They asked about some things to do with procedure as well.

GEMMA

Do you think that I've done anything wrong?

NICK

There needs to be a process.

GEMMA

But you, personally, Nick. What do you think?

NICK

Well...

ROS

You have been going through a lot, lately. In your life.

GEMMA

How is that relevant?

ROS

You said we were talking personally.

Ros and Gemma look at each other.

NICK

The GMC have suggested we mutually agree you take a leave of absence, informally, while the complaint is investigated, and we look at the website.

ROS

It would help as well, wouldn't it, to have some time off?

GEMMA

No.

(to Nick)

What if I don't agree?

NICK

Then we'd have to look at a temporary suspension.

ROS

And Gemma that would be so much worse -

GEMMA

(finally)

When? When do you want me to stop then?

A glance between Ros and Nick.

NICK

Immediately.

Gemma looks at them, disbelieving.

CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. GEMMA'S ROOM. DAY

Gemma has a plastic bag, and is packing up personal items from her desk. The family photo, a few pens, other pictures, and items. She's furious, and very upset. We're moving fast now.

Dialogue and camera, as we try to keep up with Gemma.

There's a knock on the door, then Ros enters. she does, Gemma finishes packing the bag, grabs another plastic bag that's already full, as well as her doctor's bag. It's all slightly too much to carry.

ROS

You don't have to pack up. It's only a couple of weeks.

GEMMA

Presumably while I'm away, you'll become senior partner?

ROS

You think I want you to go? We're following professional advice. It's not my fault. I helped you! I told you everything about Kate and the baby, I spoke to Simon, did everything you asked.

Gemma exits her room and Ros follows.

INT. SURGERY. CORRIDOR/RECEPTION/BACK OFFICE. DAY

ROS (CONT'D)

Then suddenly you're giving him another chance which is up to you, but forgive me if I stop trying to keep up and take a

step back, and act
professionally. Gemma -

They get to the end of the corridor and into
reception - Ros stops talking.

Gemma heads through into the back office. Ros
follows.

INT. SURGERY. BACK OFFICE. DAY

Gemma picks up a mug of hers, and her coat.

ROS (CONT'D)

Whatever's going on, some time
off would be a good idea
wouldn't it?

GEMMA

What did you tell the police?

ROS

What?

GEMMA

You said they asked about
procedure?

ROS

Yes.

GEMMA

Something was said to them here
to make them suspect me.

ROS

Alright, well, they asked about our access to pills. And I told them what I found in your bag.

GEMMA

Why were you looking in my bag?

ROS

I wasn't looking, I needed some hand gel and your bag was there on the side and open, and when I found it I saw that there was a bottle of sleeping pills. With some anti-sickness medication. And then the next day your mother-in-law did what she did -

GEMMA

They were Jack's.

ROS

So... Jack's?

GEMMA

He wanted to kill himself. I took them off him.

A moment. Ros unsure whether to believe Gemma.

ROS

(beat)

You still have them then? In your bag?

GEMMA

Yeah. Yes I have.

She puts her plastic bags down on the floor, opens the doctor's bag, and goes to get them out... she looks... but...

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I don't know where they've gone.
They were...

ROS
(pitying)

Gemma...

GEMMA
(still looking)

Don't!

She stops. Her stuff on the floor now - feeling ridiculous.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Don't make me feel stupid. They
were there.

Ros kneels down and notices the two bottles on the floor. She picks them up.

ROS

I'll tell the police I made a
mistake. But take this time...

Gemma gathers up her bits and pieces, turns and walks away down the corridor.

INT. SURGERY. RECEPTION DESK. DAY

Gemma, in her coat, and holding the bags, walks through the waiting room to the exit. She keeps her head up - going for the door, but then -

GORDON

They said I have to see someone else -

She keeps walking. Gordon follows.

GEMMA

Yes.

GORDON

The other doctors laugh at me.

GEMMA

They don't.

GORDON

They do. You know they do.
What's happened?

GEMMA

Google me and you'll find out.

She leaves.

CUT TO -

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY

Close on Gemma knocking on the door, three times. Hard. It opens and we see Daniel, much more clean-cut than before.

GEMMA

Hi. That's what I thought -
you're back with Carly?

DANIEL

Yeah - not drinking any more.

GEMMA

I was suspended today. Because
of your complaint. You know why
I came round that day. She
needed help.

DANIEL

No, you found out what your
husband was doing. You were
angry, you took it out on me.

GEMMA

Look, I'm pleased if you've
sorted yourself out.

DANIEL

Not if.

GEMMA

Carly's given you a second
chance.

DANIEL

Yeah.

GEMMA

Give me a second chance too.

He looks at her.

DANIEL

Carly showed me the website.
You're out of control.

GEMMA

No. I've been through a lot in
the last few weeks, but things
are better now. Please. I can't
stop working. I need it.

But in that moment, she, and we, know she looks
dishevelled, rushed, and quite mad. Carly appears.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Carly -

DANIEL

(to Carly)

They've suspended her.

CARLY

(awkward)

Okay, Dan, maybe you should tell
them not to go forward with
this.

DANIEL

(to Gemma)

Have you admitted it? Said what
happened?

GEMMA

They'd start a disciplinary
procedure and I can't -

Gemma stops, thinks, then gets out her wallet.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

How much? How much to withdraw
the complaint.

Gemma standing there, her wallet open. Carly's
sort of disgusted.

CARLY

You really need to stop offering
me money.

GEMMA

(caught. Guilty)

Yeah. Yeah okay.

Carly stares at Gemma. That's the end of it.

Gemma turns and walks away. As she does, they
close the door.

Gemma goes back to the car.

Gets in.

Sits in the seat. Feels very alone.

CUT TO -

EXT. Highbrook School Football Pitch. Day

A cloudy afternoon. Gemma walks from the car park
to the edge of the football pitch. There are two
games going on - various parents and teachers
standing round, watching, cheering.

She doesn't know if she can do this - but then she
sees Tom... playing football for his school under-
twelves. He's a forward, and he's good - dribbles

round the defender, shoots...the goalkeeper saves it. An 'oooh' both from the players, and the parents, stood at the side. Tom looking over to his dad, who's standing at the side of the pitch, but... Simon is talking intensely to Chris Parks - he missed it. Chris, however, spots it, points and they both turn and applaud.

This moment means they finish the conversation. Simon goes to watch Tom's game. Chris returns to a separate game, on the pitch next door, where Andrew is playing. Susie's there, and Kate. This afternoon her choice of a short skirt stands out.

Gemma walks round the edge of the field. To get to Simon she has to go past the Parks. As she approaches, Chris is now talking to the well-dressed senior teachers.

CHRIS

Leave it with me.

(he turns and sees Gemma)

Hey! My favourite doctor!

SUSIE

Hi!

They kiss. Chris looks over at Simon, who's shouting encouragement to Tom.

CHRIS

Your husband's taking this very seriously.

GEMMA

Well he was never very good at sports himself, so it matters.

SUSIE
(about Chris)
He's just the same!

GEMMA
(to Kate)
How are you?

KATE
Good thanks.

GEMMA
You going out?

KATE
What?

CHRIS
She's talking about the skirt. I
had the same question but she's
twenty-something -

KATE
Twenty-three.

CHRIS
Yeah, well, apparently I don't
get a vote.

KATE
I like it.

CHRIS
I'm sure the boys do as well.

KATE
Shut up Dad!

CHRIS

(to Andrew on the pitch)

Get up! Least I could run in a
straight line! Get up! That's
better!

Chris applauds as Andrew gets to his feet. Kate
turns to watch the game with her dad, leaving
Gemma talking to Susie, more quietly now,
confidentially.

SUSIE

I've been meaning to say, it is
ridiculous that we haven't all
got together, the four of us.
It's what happens when you leave
it to the men.

GEMMA

Sounds fun.

SUSIE

(winks)

I'll email you.

GEMMA

Bye.

Gemma makes her way over to Simon, who's
encouraging Tom.

She reaches him. He can't believe she's here.

SIMON

I thought you were at work?

GEMMA

I wanted to see our son.

He takes her hand, seemingly pleased she's here. Tom looks over. Sees his mum. Is embarrassed to wave, but smiles slightly, really pleased she's here.

Then he gets on with the game.

Simon and Gemma watch together.

SIMON

Come on Tom!

CUT TO -

EXT. Highbrook School. Car Park. Day

Simon and Gemma walk back to their cars.

GEMMA

Simon the... the partners at work have asked me to take some time off. Pending an investigation.

SIMON

You mean -

GEMMA

Suspended me, effectively-

SIMON

Why?

GEMMA

There's been a formal complaint that I went to the home of a

patient and assaulted him.

Gemma glances as the Parks' car drives past.

SIMON

Assaulted him? You? Ros - she's
a partner. Can't she -

GEMMA

...there's been the stuff on the
internet, and the police have
been round asking questions
about your mum. Apparently that
'paints a picture'.

(she's upset)

Sorry...

Simon suddenly hugs her. She's surprised at first,
but this is what he was good at. Knowing what she
needs, steadying her, and for the first time in
the series, she fully responds.

SIMON

(quietly)

It's alright.

She hugs him back, invests in him, and releases
how she's feeling. Enjoying the comfort, the
security. this is what she missed.

GEMMA

(quietly)

Thank you. Thank you.

The man she married - knowing it's him. Simon, the
father of her child, the man she saw at the end of
the aisle on her wedding day - then suddenly -

Two buzzes - which make him jump slightly - she notices, as do we, in close up, his hands on her tense. But he keeps hugging. It's a really strange way to react.

She pulls back slightly.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

That was you.

SIMON

Yeah.

He lets go.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Right sorry. I didn't want to...

He gets out his phone and looks at it.

GEMMA

Who is it?

SIMON

Work.

GEMMA

Okay.

She looks at him. He puts the phone away.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Are you not going to reply?

Another moment. She looks at him. An implication now.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I don't mind if you want to.

SIMON

What?

(beat)

What's going on?

GEMMA

When you got the text, your...
your body went tense.

SIMON

I was surprised. That's what
people do when they're
surprised.

GEMMA

Okay. Honestly. You can reply.

He rolls his eyes, a distinctive, frustrated,
gesture.

SIMON

You still... you think I'm
lying? You still don't trust me?

(beat)

Look do you want to see the
text?

(he gets his phone out)

Time, date, details of the
supplies for the foundations.

(he holds out the phone, slightly aggressive)

Here. Look.

She wants to take it and check. But wants to trust
him too.

He holds it out - serious. Offering it. She could just have a look... but...

GEMMA

No. It's fine.

Tom comes running out from the sports centre, over to them.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Well done!

TOM

We lost.

SIMON

Only just and not because of you.

They turn to their cars, to leave.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Right. Two cars. Who are you going to go with?

TOM

(beat)

No offence Mum but you don't know much about football and me and Dad have to talk.

Simon gets another text. Reads it. Gemma tries to ignore it, continue to enjoy the moment instead.

GEMMA

Where to? Somewhere to celebrate?

TOM
Celebrate what?

GEMMA
You of course! Pizza?

TOM
(smiles)
Yeah, actually that would be
really good.

Tom and Gemma both look over to Simon, who's now
staring down at his phone - reading the text
properly.

GEMMA
(to Simon)
Simon? Pizza?

SIMON
Argh - really sorry. Crisis.

TOM
What?

SIMON
The thing with the supplies. We
need to talk about options,
today - sorry. Boring. Be a
couple of hours. I'll join you
later.

(to Tom)
Pizza is a great idea. You can
teach Mum about the offside
rule!

TOM

Well why can't you come now, and
sort out your problem later?

SIMON

Sorry mate. It just doesn't
work. I'll be around tonight and
we can catch up then, yeah?

Gemma nods. Uncertain.

Simon gets in his car, starts the engine, waves,
and drives off.

Tom looks over at his mum. She's just standing
there. Staring at Simon's car.

TOM

You already know the offside
rule, don't you?

GEMMA

Yeah.

She's being weird, distracted. Tom's worried, but
tries not to show it.

TOM

Is there anything you don't
know?

She watches Simon's car drive away.

GEMMA

Quite a lot.

CUT TO -

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Gemma's driving. Tom's in the passenger seat. They're waiting at some lights. Tom looks ahead at Simon's car.

He waves. Trying to get his dad's attention. Simon eventually notices, and waves back.

Simon eventually pulls away.

TOM

He works really hard doesn't he?

The lights change. Simon's car turns left. Gemma's right, and she drives away from him.

Close on Gemma. She doesn't want to do this. But she has no choice. She doesn't trust him at all. She suddenly swings the car round - a U-turn in the road.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mum!

She speeds up, dodging in and out of traffic to keep up with Simon's car. Following it, at a distance.

TOM (CONT'D)

You're going the wrong way!

CUT TO -

EXT. SIMON'S OFFICES. DAY

We see Simon's car parked outside his office. We then pan across to find, round the corner, where Simon couldn't see it, Gemma's car.

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

GEMMA

I need five minutes with your dad.

TOM

You said we were having pizza!

GEMMA

Do your homework.

TOM

I want to come in!

GEMMA

You can't.

She gets out and slams the door, leaving Tom inside, fuming.

CUT TO -

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. RECEPTION. DAY

Becky stands, silhouetted against the large window in her office. She's thinking, anxious. She turns. To see Gemma.

GEMMA

Shit...

BECKY

What?

GEMMA

Your face.

BECKY

I didn't know you were coming over. They normally buzz up -

GEMMA

I told them that I wanted to surprise my husband. I'm not having a good day.

Is he in there?

BECKY

He's... on the phone. Gemma are you -

GEMMA

You're holding something back. I mean you've been doing that for a long time, but something's changed.

(beat)

You've suddenly become really bad at lying.

BECKY

I... don't know what you're talking about.

GEMMA

Does my husband bully you? Not physically but he patronises

you. I suppose that's why men
want female assistants. So they
can push at least one woman
around.

(beat)

You've been covering for him for
years.

BECKY

(trying to hold the line)

I don't cover.

GEMMA

I'd like to believe that.

BECKY

You should.

GEMMA

But your face.

BECKY

If you take a seat, when he's
off the phone, I'll let him know
that you're here.

GEMMA

I wanted his support. I've
basically just lost my job, but
from the expression on your
face, I think he's off having
sex with Kate Parks again.

Becky looks at her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You split with your husband. So
you can imagine something of
what I'm feeling.

(beat)

I've known for a while.

A moment. Becky's compassionate for Gemma. She
hates this.

BECKY

They have no idea.

GEMMA

They will now. I assume it's not
locked.

Gemma heads straight to the office door - opens it
-

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. PRIVATE OFFICE. DAY

- bursts into the room, and there's no one there.

She walks in. The office is a mess. Worse than
when she was last here. She looks round. Then
walks back out to Becky's office - angry.

INT. SIMON'S OFFICES. BECKY'S OFFICE. DAY

Becky's staring at her, from her desk.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Where is he? His car's outside.

Becky stares at her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Well?

Still staring.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

What?

BECKY

He was always worried that
someone might follow him, or see
him. They had a system. You can
get out from the back of the
building...

Becky goes to the window again. Looks out.

Gemma understands she's supposed to go too.

They look down.

Outside, is a park. It's secluded, but from above
you can see in. On a bench are Simon and Kate
holding hands, talking intensely.

Simon leans over and kisses her, has her face in
his hands. They're really in love. Gemma steps
back from the window.

BECKY (CONT'D)

They're back together. He'll
never leave her.

(beat)

I kept telling him to stop. I
hate what he's doing.

Gemma looks at them again. Now Kate's laughing at
his joke - he's flirting, no sign of the betrayal

he's currently making.

A moment, Gemma almost losing it - then sucks it up, turns -

GEMMA

You went on holiday with them.

BECKY

He said he needed me, that they'd be working...

GEMMA

Where did you go?

BECKY

Kate's dad has a house in France. Said she could use it for friends.

GEMMA

Her dad wasn't there?

BECKY

No. They don't know about Simon. They'd kill him if he did.

GEMMA

(beat)

Show me pictures.

BECKY

What...?

GEMMA

Of the holiday. On your phone. You, him, her. Neil, Anna. I want to see.

BECKY

Why would you want to see?

GEMMA

I thought that I had a chance to sort this out, but clearly I'm delusional.

Gemma stares at her. Becky reaches to her phone. Looks through then gives it to Gemma.

Gemma flicks through photos. More than she saw before. The six of them on holiday. Many of Simon and Kate together.

One of Becky posing outside the front door - a little sign of the name of the house 'La Pierre Blanche'.

Gemma looks out the window again, at the two of them, together. In love. Kate laughing, Simon flirting. She wonders if they're laughing about her. Laughing at her?

BECKY

Not that it matters but you're right. He can be horrible. Especially when he's stressed.

Gemma gives her back the phone.

GEMMA

Can you email these to me?

BECKY

I... If you want.

GEMMA

And don't tell him I know.

BECKY

Why not?

GEMMA

I want to do it myself. But not now.

TOM

Do what?

Tom is standing in the doorway. Gemma looks at him.

GEMMA

(quietly)

I told you to stay in the car.

TOM

Where's Dad?

Gemma walks to the window. Looks out. Becky's not sure what to do.

TOM (CONT'D)

Mum what's wrong with you?

You're so weird at the moment.

(beat)

Mum! Why are you such a mad bitch? It's scary.

Gemma turns and looks at her son - who for the first time seems more like a teenager. More like a small version of Simon. Something in her changes - and she's made a decision.

GEMMA

Your dad's gone out for a couple of minutes. You know Becky, don't you? Becky could you text Simon, tell him that his son's waiting in his office and needs some pizza before going home? And then when he gets back could you explain that I've forgotten that I need to go to a conference tonight. I need to leave immediately. Be gone a few days.

TOM

What?

GEMMA

Your dad'll look after you. You can talk about football.

TOM

A conference? It's always work!

GEMMA

(to Becky)

Yes?

BECKY

Okay.

GEMMA

(leaving)

Good. Bye then. Bye.

TOM

(upset)

Mum!

Gemma can't ignore him. She swings back round - she's all over the place now. Edgy, smiling, almost manic, talking fast -

GEMMA

You're too clever! Alright.
There is no conference. That's a lie Becky and I are gonna tell your dad, because I can't deal with everything at the moment so I need to go away for a couple of days. And I don't want him to worry so I'm making an excuse.

(beat)

Now you have a choice. You can tell Dad the truth, or you can join me and Becky and tell him it's a conference.

(beat)

It's up to you.

He looks at them both, then rolls his eyes.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Don't do that. Your dad does that.

TOM

What d'you mean, you can't deal with everything?

GEMMA

Life's hard sometimes.

He looks at her. Doesn't know what to say...

TOM

How long are you gone for?

GEMMA

Couple of days.

TOM

(a moment. Then:)

Okay.

GEMMA

(she kisses him)

Good boy. See you soon.

She turns and quickly leaves.

Tom's left standing in the middle of the room.
Becky by her desk, awkward.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARMINSTER STREET. DAY

Gemma drives, fast, through the town.

EXT. GEMMA'S CAR. MOTORWAY. DAY

She's driving far, far away. Her phone on the
passenger seat is flashing -

Simon's calling.

She looks at it - his face appearing as he calls.
Ignores it. Keeps driving.

EXT. SEAFRONT. JETTY. DAY

Close on rippling sea water, reflecting a fresh, clear, afternoon sky. Reflected in the water we can see a moon - out too early in the day. Under the surface we can occasionally make out fish, swimming around.

Suddenly with a splash the surface of the water is broken, by a knife, stabbing - the fish scatter.

JACK

Shit.

Now we see it's Jack, who's attempting to stab the fish with a knife, strapped to the end of a broom handle. He's quite different to how we last saw him. A little thinner, more tanned, maybe healthier. And has swapped his old suit for jeans and a jumper. His jeans rolled up, he's sitting on an old wooden jetty, the water lapping at his feet. It's a beautiful British, empty beach. It's a crisp sunny day - and yes - weirdly - there's the moon.

Then Jack hears a sound. An engine roars down the path. He turns, recognising the car, gets up and heads towards it.

Gemma gets out of the car. Hassled, drained. She takes her bag from the back seat, locks the car, then turns and sees Jack, as he walks up to her -

JACK (CONT'D)

(re: his spear)

I'm fishing.

(beat)

Saw it in a film. Doesn't work.

(beat)

You okay?

INT. MARY'S HOUSE. LIVING AREA. DAY

An old wooden door - sunlight pouring in through the cracks.

Jack enters the house, followed by Gemma.

The room they're coming in to is an old kitchen. Large flagstones on the floor. Old range. Wood and stone, rather than plastic. On one wall, a huge open fireplace. A doorway leads to the living room. Stairs in one corner.

JACK

(shouts)

Mary! Visitor!

As Gemma puts her bag on a chair, down the stairs comes Mary, a woman in her sixties. Tough, Methodist, slightly stern, with a shock of black hair.

MARY

My husband used to shout at me.
Now he's dead. Those two things
might not be connected Jack, but
are you sure you wanna take the
risk?

(she sees Gemma)

Oh.

GEMMA

Hi.

She goes and hugs Gemma. Gemma doesn't really respond.

MARY

Jack make some tea.

(to Gemma)

What's happened? You look upset.
Where's Tom?

GEMMA

With Simon.

(to Jack)

Did you tell her?

JACK

No.

MARY

What? What's going on?

GEMMA

Can I stay?

MARY

I've got no clean towels.

(beat)

I'll find some. Course. You can
stay as long as you like. Sit
down.

Gemma's phone rings. 'Simon.' She looks at it for a moment, worried, anxious.

GEMMA

I thought you didn't have mobile
reception.

MARY

Oh, they put a mast up. I wrote
a letter, it made no difference.

GEMMA

He cheated on me.

Gemma stares at the phone, anxious. Mary hears
this. Then -

MARY

Alright.

(she turns to Jack)

Where's that tea?

Mary gently takes the phone off Gemma, hangs up,
then switches it off.

MARY (CONT'D)

Problem solved.

CUT TO -

INT. MARY'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. EVENING

It's still light, but turning into the evening.
Mary's cooking - efficiently and brusquely. Gemma
looks out the window at the sea.

GEMMA

Thanks for taking Jack in.

MARY

He's a pain in the neck but like
you said, he's useful round the
house.

GEMMA

Sorry he's so rude.

MARY

It's the right thing to do. So
it must be done.

(beat)

Stuck in the past, that's been
his problem.

GEMMA

He was with David a long time.

MARY

I know. But when you lose
someone like that, when you're
going through hell, you've got
to keep going.

She continues to cook.

GEMMA

Can I help?

MARY

No thank you.

GEMMA

(beat)

Don't suppose you have any wine?

MARY

What do you think? And Jack
shouldn't so don't you dare buy
it. You can have another cup of
tea or there's some squash.

Gemma looks out the window again, at the sea.
She's thinking. Still upset.

MARY (CONT'D)

Was it advice you wanted? Is
that why you're here?

GEMMA

No.

MARY

You'd never be told before.

GEMMA

I just needed to get away.

MARY

I see.

A moment. Mary's keen to say something.

MARY (CONT'D)

You'll want to get back for Tom
soon, though, of course.

(beat)

You'll wanna get back for him.

Gemma looks out the window once more, and thinks.
But doesn't answer.

Mary glances over at her for a second. A little
concerned but she's not going to make a big thing
over it.

GEMMA

I might just... get some air.

MARY

Dinner's twenty minutes.

Gemma goes outside.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE. EVENING

Gemma comes out and looks at the sea. The light just starting to fade. She sits on a low wall, near the house. She puts a shawl around her shoulders.

The sea looks windswept - lonely, as the light fades. Threatening and inviting at the same time.

Gemma takes out her switched-off phone. Looks at it. Looks out at the sea. Then switches the phone back on.

She looks at Becky's email, and opens the photos.

Simon and Kate together. Neil and Anna. All having fun. Seemingly care-free.

That photo again of Becky next to the sign for the house 'La Pierre Blanche'. We notice the name here now, as Gemma does. She zooms in on it - as she realises. Now it makes sense...

Jack appears, with a fabric bag-for-life, having walked to get supplies. He approaches her.

JACK

You're addicted to those things.
Same as David, he was never off
his iPad.

Gemma shows him the phone. He puts his bag down and takes it, looks at the pictures.

JACK (CONT'D)

How did you get these?

GEMMA

His assistant.

Jack sits down on the wall next to Gemma, notices her looking at the sea.

JACK

You grew up around here.

GEMMA

Yeah. Mary helped us out. Picked me up from school. When my mum and dad died, she was all I had.

JACK

What happened to your parents? She wouldn't say.

GEMMA

Car accident. When I was sixteen. I stayed with Mary for a year, but she... I was bored of people feeling sorry for me, so I went to London. A levels, medical school, met Simon, moved, started a new life, had a child, then we got the house...

(beat)

I love that house.

A moment.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

How's this working out for you?

JACK

Off the booze, health's improved, and she's got someone to do the gardening.

GEMMA

So you'll stay a bit longer then?

JACK

Forever.

(beat)

But not with her. Moving on Gemma. I can recommend it. Get Tom on a train up here. You don't need to stay in that place.

GEMMA

Why should Simon win?

JACK

Who cares about winning?

(he gives her back the phone)

Be happy.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Gemma, Jack, and Mary are sat around the table having had dinner. We start in the middle of their conversation -

MARY

I understand all that but you made a commitment.

JACK

She can't stay there. Come on!

MARY

Better or worse.

JACK

Rubbish!

(to Gemma)

You need to leave.

GEMMA

But it's my town. I've got friends.

JACK

It's Simon's town, and if you're talking about friends, you could do a lot better.

GEMMA

It's not fair.

MARY

'Fair'! Gemma not to be mean but that's the sort of thing you were saying when you were a little girl. Life isn't fair. It's how you deal with it.

A moment.

GEMMA

I was thinking in the car, what if I never came back? Women do that sometimes. Tom'd be upset but he'd have his dad, friends. Maybe it'd all work out. Who would actually miss me if I... vanished?

MARY

You shouldn't say things like that. You know what it's like to lose a parent.

GEMMA

I coped. And he would too.

JACK

What do you mean 'vanish'?

A look between them. The implication of what that means.

GEMMA

You thought about it. Those pills.

JACK

(beat)

The one person in my life that ever loved me, had gone forever. It's completely different.

GEMMA

I agree.

JACK

Right.

GEMMA

What's happened to me is worse.

MARY

Now you're being / ridiculous -

JACK

David died in pain, coughing up
liquid, desperate. There was
nothing I could do -

GEMMA

At least the time you had
together was real.

MARY

You can't compare the two -

GEMMA

It isn't like Simon's just gone.
He never existed. I mean every
moment that we spent together
was false, because he was never
/ the person that I thought he
was.

MARY

Gemma, he's made a mistake, that
doesn't mean he's a / completely
different person.

GEMMA

(ignoring Mary, to Jack)
And my parents died, also in
pain, and I don't know exactly
what happened in the crash but I
bet it wasn't instant like

everyone said - so I know what it's like to be left behind. But I'm really sorry Jack, I loved David too, but what's happened to me is so much harder to deal with, I promise you.

Jack stands. Angry. Upset.

JACK
(quietly)
I'm going to bed.

He leaves.

MARY
You need to be careful when you're upset.

Mary gets up from the table and collects the plates together.

MARY (CONT'D)
You've always known.

GEMMA
What?

MARY
(clearing the plates)
Exactly how to hurt people.

She takes the plates through to the kitchen. Gemma's left at the table, alone. Upset.

GEMMA
(quietly)
Yeah.

The sound of the sea, very faintly.

CUT TO -

INT. MARY'S HOUSE. SPARE ROOM. NIGHT

Gemma can't sleep. Yet again. She gets out of bed and looks out the window at the boats. She puts on her trousers.

CUT TO -

INT. MARY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT

Gemma comes down the stairs. She goes to the mantelpiece where, amongst other photos of Mary's life, and relatives, there's a photo of Gemma as a girl - with her parents.

Then she finds that Mary's also got a small version of the black-and-white picture of her and Simon, that we saw earlier. Close-up. Smiling.

The sound of the sea.

She's suffering. Doesn't know what to do. Nowhere to turn.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Gemma walks out of the house and towards the sea. The moon is full - lighting the beach.

She's barefoot.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

Gemma walking along the beach. Looks out to the sea.

Her phone rings again. Even now, at 2 a.m. She looks at it. It's Simon. She answers it.

GEMMA

Hi.

SIMON (V.O.)

(surprised she's answered)

...Hi! Where are you?

GEMMA

In a hotel. The conference.
Didn't Becky say?

SIMON (V.O.)

But you just... left. I've been
trying to call.

GEMMA

I'll be back in a couple of
days.

SIMON (V.O.)

You just forgot about it?

GEMMA

Things've been difficult...
recently, so -

(beat)

Yeah I forgot.

Gemma's walking now. Her conversation with Simon continuing...

SIMON (V.O.)

You asked about that text. I thought you might've...

GEMMA

What?

SIMON (V.O.)

...been upset.

GEMMA

(beat)

How are you?

SIMON (V.O.)

I couldn't sleep. I was worried.

A moment. Tears pouring down Gemma's face, but she pretends on the phone that she's fine.

GEMMA

Any news?

SIMON (V.O.)

What? News?

GEMMA

Anything you want to tell me?

SIMON (V.O.)

No.

Gemma's crying now, really sobbing, but manages to make what Simon's hearing sound normal.

SIMON (CONT'D) (V.O.)

Okay. Well... look... I'll call you tomorrow.

GEMMA

Bye then.

SIMON (V.O.)

Bye.

She then really screams! Really cries - unlike anything we've seen before. She hates herself. This is her fault, and yes, the world's unfair!

So why should she keep struggling. She drops the phone on the beach, and then, still wearing her clothes, she walks into the water.

She lets it hit her, cold at night, and she gulps, loses her breath. But she keeps going, starts to swim out...

EXT. THE SEA. NIGHT

We're close on Gemma. Swimming out. Swimming fast. Too fast.

Close on her face, gulping in some water with the air. Frantic.

She's getting further away from the coast and out into the open sea.

Further and further. She's not turning round, or stopping. Just swimming. Determined.

Eventually, a long way from the beach, she stops and looks up. She's distraught. At a loss. Exhausted.

She's crying. Sobbing.

But why keep fighting?

She lets herself sink, the water covering her face...

Sinking...

Under the water now...

Sinking down... deeper and deeper.

TO BLACK.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The moon in the night sky.

Jack emerges from the front door and puts his coat on. He looks around, worried.

Jack walks past Gemma's car. Looks inside for her.

JACK
(calls)

Gemma! Gemma!

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT

Jack walks along the beach.

Then he notices something on the sand. It's Gemma's phone. He reaches down. Picks it up.

JACK

Shit...

He looks around. But she's nowhere to be seen.

JACK (CONT'D)

(calls)

Gemma!

He puts the phone to his ear but then sees a figure, further up the beach, at the edge of the water - it's Gemma. Her hair is soaked, plastered across her face. Her clothes soaked as well, dark. She is walking slowly back on to the beach - but somehow now she's different. The image is slightly disturbing.

She's been transformed in some way. She's darker, elemental. There's a clarity in her look - hard, behind the eyes.

JACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing? It's freezing!

GEMMA

(clear, factual)

I wanted to drown.

Jack looks at her for a moment, slightly stunned.

JACK
I told you, that's not -

GEMMA
But then I thought... no.

He looks at her. For the first time he can't work out what she's thinking.

JACK
What do you mean?

A moment.

JACK (CONT'D)
(takes off his coat to give to her)
Best put this on.

But Gemma starts to walk up the beach, fast, away from him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Gemma, stop. Wait! Where are you going?

GEMMA
(determined)
Home.

Gemma starts to walk back towards the house, determined. Jack follows.

CUT TO -

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE. DAY

Very early morning. Gemma comes out of the house, now showered and re-dressed, and gets in her car. She's still the steely, hard-eyed person that came out of the sea. No softness left. No smiling. Mary follows her out, with Jack.

They watch as she starts the engine and drives away at speed.

EXT. Highbrook School. Day

Tom comes out of school, playing with his mates, to find Gemma standing waiting for him.

She stands out amongst the other parents - tough, iconic now. Not smiling. As he comes across the playground towards her, Becky approaches Gemma.

BECKY

I thought you were away? Simon asked me to pick up Tom.

GEMMA

I need your help.

BECKY

What do you mean?

She looks at Gemma, unsure of her.

GEMMA

(hard, firm)

You owe it to me.

Tom arrives, smiling a little. Nervous.

TOM

You're back.

Gemma looks at Becky.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Gemma is dressed up to go out. Looking in the mirror, putting her make-up on. It's all considered now. Cold.

Simon enters. As soon as he does, she's pretending normality again, but now it seems slightly... fraught... unhinged...

SIMON

Hey! I saw your car... You said two days...

GEMMA

I changed my mind. I didn't want to be away. I'm all over the place at the moment. Can you tell?

SIMON

That's why I was worried.

GEMMA

Are you ready?

SIMON

What for?

GEMMA

Dinner, we're due at half seven.

SIMON

What? Who with?

GEMMA

(rolls her eyes, playing humorous)
Go and get a shirt on.

Simon hesitates.

SIMON

It's mad living with you
sometimes.

As soon as he's out of the room, Gemma's smile
disappears.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Three minutes later, Simon rushes down the stairs,
and into the hall, doing up his sleeve buttons. He
heads into the kitchen.

SIMON

What about Tom, who's -

He gets into the kitchen, and Becky is there with
her daughter Isobel, and Tom. Gemma's made her a
cup of tea.

GEMMA

Becky's looking after Tom
tonight.

Simon's looking at both of them. Very much thrown. Worried. This is not an alliance he wants. What does Gemma know?

BECKY

Gemma called, said she was coming back, and wanted to keep this dinner, but the short notice meant she didn't have childcare so I offered.

A moment. Simon slightly bewildered.

CUT TO -

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Gemma's driving. Simon's in the passenger seat.

SIMON

You really won't tell me where we're going?

GEMMA

(smiling)

You used to be into surprises.

A moment.

SIMON

Fine.

(beat)

Do I like these people?

Close on Gemma.

GEMMA
You love them.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARKS HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY

Gemma pulls into the driveway.

INT. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

GEMMA (CONT'D)
(to Simon)
It's the Parks. They invited us
yesterday, at the football.

SIMON
Gemma... I can't.

GEMMA
What?
(beat)
Why not?

She gets out and walks towards the house.

Simon looks at her go, and has no choice but to
follow.

CUT TO -

EXT. PARKS HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY

Gemma rings the bell. Simon arrives behind her, noticing Kate's car in the drive.

Susie comes to the door and opens it. When she does, she looks surprised.

SUSIE

Oh... Hi!

GEMMA

Hi!

Gemma's smile fades as she sees the look on Susie's face.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

What?

SUSIE

Gemma -

GEMMA

Oh god. What's going on?

(beat)

You're not expecting us...

Chris appears behind Susie.

CHRIS

Hello Fosters! What's this?
You're...

SUSIE

I think you're a week early.

GEMMA

Really? But this is the... I
thought - you said Thursday in

your email...

SUSIE

I meant next week. Oh, I'm so sorry... it's my mistake!

GEMMA

(playing awkward)

Oh!

CHRIS

Come in anyway!

SIMON

No, it's fine, we'll head back, we're tired actually -

CHRIS

No! Nonsense! We can rustle up something, you're here now. That'll be alright won't it, Susie?

SUSIE

Absolutely, for these two we will make it work, come on! Come in!

GEMMA

(entering)

Are you sure?

SUSIE

Positive.

SIMON

Honestly I think we should go.

CHRIS

We've got the kids in tonight so
there'll be plenty of food,
it'll be fun!

SIMON

I'm really not -

CHRIS

Come on!

Gemma makes her way in. Simon hangs back - Chris
looks at him. Beams, warmly and they go inside.

CUT TO -

INT. PARKS HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

A lengthy one-shot moving round the table. They
are all talking, but we can't hear. Instead we
hear music, the raw tension of the subtext of this
dinner.

The camera moves around the table and we see, in
order - Andrew, who's bored, sat next to Chris,
holding court, oblivious, and passing the salad to
Simon, who is having the worst evening of his life
-

Opposite Simon is Kate, shooting daggers at him,
then Susie talking to Gemma, who's smiling,
listening politely, taking all of this in...

Closer on Gemma.

We can see she's got a plan. She's going to
detonate it all.

CUT TO BLACK.

EPISODE FIVE

INT. PARKS HOUSE. HALLWAY. EVENING

Gemma and Simon enter the house. Susie takes Gemma's coat - Chris now in full flow -

CHRIS

Yes! Finished this six months ago, I'll give you the grand tour. Susie finds it embarrassing but I can't help it! I'm so proud!

SUSIE

Do tell him to shut up if you need to.

CHRIS

You'll find this really interesting.

SUSIE

I'm just gonna nip in the kitchen. Give me a shout if you lose the will to live.

SIMON

We can easily come back in a week.

SUSIE

(leaving)

No, it's fine!

CHRIS

Come on, let's go upstairs, you
get a better view.

Gemma strides after him. Simon reluctantly
follows.

INT. PARKS HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. EVENING

Chris reaches the top of the stairs. Gemma behind.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We used a new type of glass on
the back of the house, I don't
understand the technology but
essentially it's double height,
thin, and stays hot. Like Naomi
Campbell.

A little joke.

GEMMA

It's beautiful.

CHRIS

Hope you don't mind me showing
off?

(he turns to look out at the garden)

If you look out, there's a pool
at the end, we loved the one in
our house in France. Copied the
dimensions -

GEMMA

You have a place in France?

CHRIS

Yeah. If you guys ever want to
get away?

GEMMA

Really?

CHRIS

We have a wonderful maid,
Angelique, she sorts everything
out.

GEMMA

What's it called?

CHRIS

The house?

GEMMA

Does it have a name?

CHRIS

'Pierre Blanche.'

GEMMA

What does it mean?

CHRIS

WAIT!

Simon looks a bit concerned.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You haven't got any drinks! I'm
chatting away like an idiot.
Would you like some wine?

GEMMA

White if you have it?

CHRIS

Of course.

(to Simon)

Beer I assume, beer?

SIMON

Yeah. Cheers.

Kate appears from her bedroom having heard voices.
She sees them, and is stopped in her tracks.

CHRIS

Kate - yeah, you know the
Fosters. Gemma and Simon.

Gemma smiles.

KATE

...Hi.

CHRIS

They're staying for dinner.

KATE

I thought... next week?

CHRIS

There's been a bit of a mix-up
so it's happening now which is
nice. Just going to get some
drinks, do you want one?

KATE

I'll... come with you.

CHRIS

Okay.

Kate goes downstairs with her father, who's slightly bemused at this. Simon turns to Gemma, a completely different tone now their host has moved away. They move back towards the window, so they're not overheard.

SIMON

How could you get it wrong?

GEMMA

She said 'next Thursday'.

SIMON

Yeah, that means the Thursday of the following week.

GEMMA

Oh, okay.

He looks at her for a second, full of contempt. Then turns away.

SIMON

It's just he's more of a colleague, than friend. An important... adviser for me. A contact.

Simon goes to the window and continues to talk with his back turned. Gemma picks up an expensive-looking ornament from the mantelpiece.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I only see him a couple of times a year. So if you're going to organise something like this,

then it would be nice to have a
bit more notice and...

SMASH! Gemma deliberately drops the ornament.
Simon turns and stares at the floor in disbelief.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You, what did you -

Chris comes back up the stairs with the drinks.
He's also got a beer for himself.

CHRIS

Wine for the - oh -

GEMMA

(not making much effort to cover it up)
Sorry. I knocked it with my...
hand.

CHRIS

Not to worry, we'll just... this
is for you.

(he gives Gemma the wine)

(calls)

Kate!

GEMMA

So sorry.

CHRIS

(giving Simon the beer)

It's not a problem.

GEMMA

Was it expensive?

CHRIS

It doesn't matter.

He opens the sliding glass doors.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come on, let's step outside.

GEMMA

We can pay for it. Simon...

Simon glares at her. Kate enters, reluctantly.

CHRIS

(to Kate)

Could you get the dustpan and
brush please?

KATE

(looking at it)

That was Mum's.

CHRIS

Accident. Will you help me deal
with this please? It's not a
problem.

Kate glances at Gemma, then turns and goes. They
step just outside.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Alright! Cheers!

They 'cheers' with their drinks. Simon glares at
Gemma, who ignores him, smiling at Chris.

GEMMA

So you two have known each other
a while?

CHRIS

Yeah, we meet occasionally, I
give him a few pearls of wisdom.

GEMMA

But you've never been tempted to
go into business together?

CHRIS

No.

SIMON

I wish.

CHRIS

He's on his way up, so he's
working all the hours I expect,
that's in the past for me now,
I'm living off the fat. A lot of
my time is spent at the council
and you know, we open the odd
new restaurant -

Kate appears inside with a dustpan and brush.

KATE

(interrupting)

How did it happen?

CHRIS

You're interrupting darling -

KATE

How did it break?

GEMMA

I knocked it.

KATE
(to Chris)
Mum's upset.

A moment. Awkward.

CHRIS
Could happen to anyone.

Kate noisily carries on tidying, looking disbelievingly at Simon. Simon avoids looking in her direction. Chris is awkward. Gemma smiles politely at everyone.

CUT TO -

TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. PARKS HOUSE. DINING ROOM. NIGHT

As Chris comes back into the room, we find an expensive-looking oval dining table. He makes his way back to the head of the table, between Simon and Gemma. Kate and Susie have just brought in the food - a casserole dish. And some plates.

Throughout the next section we're on the move, Susie coming and going, plates being exchanged, Chris getting up for the wine, etc....

CHRIS
I assume we can start?

SUSIE
Please.

Andrew enters. Sees them. Surprised.

CHRIS

Ah! At last! You remember Gemma
and Simon, from the party.

ANDREW

Hi.

Andrew sits, embarrassed.

SUSIE

Shall we have music?

ANDREW

Please God / no.

CHRIS

We'll talk. Gemma - help
yourself.

As Chris, Simon and Andrew discuss the football,
we move to Gemma, who's turned to Kate. They're
both playing at small talk, very good at hiding
their real feelings.

GEMMA

How's the restaurant?

KATE

Good.

GEMMA

You're a waitress, that must be
-

KATE

It's for the money mostly. Dad wants me to take over as manager but I'm more interested in going into events. I'm doing an internship at a local company at the moment.

GEMMA

'Events'. So that's -

KATE

Weddings.

GEMMA

Right.

KATE

Divorce parties.

GEMMA

(beat)

Okay.

KATE

Funerals.

GEMMA

Is that really something people do?

KATE

What? Die?

GEMMA

Divorce parties.

KATE

Yeah! You see all the ex-wives
having a great time, and you
realise some people are just so
much better off out of marriage.
There's no point staying in
something if it's bad. If you're
trapped.

GEMMA

Right...

Gemma looks at her. They're both playing games.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

How's your love life?

KATE

Personal question.

GEMMA

You talked before about a man
you were seeing?

KATE

Sorry, isn't there a
confidentiality thing between
doctors and patients?

GEMMA

Yes.

KATE

Well can we activate that thing
then please?

GEMMA

Your mum and dad don't know?

SUSIE
(sitting down)
Don't know what?

GEMMA
Oops.

KATE
Nothing Mum.

SUSIE
Don't tell me you've got
secrets?

KATE
Course I have. You said you
prefer it that way.

SUSIE
Well while you're under my roof
I don't want any big surprises.
I'm still your mum!

GEMMA
You live here?

CHRIS
Yeah, we can't get rid of her!

KATE
I lived on my own and I didn't
like it.

GEMMA
Why? What changed?

SIMON
(to Kate)

Wine?

KATE

No thanks.

SIMON

Susie?

SUSIE

Ooh, yes please. Gemma, actually I wanted to say - I had an appointment but then a letter came through saying that you weren't available and I had a new doctor. And then Chris heard something -

CHRIS

Yeah, a chap at the council knows your administrator -

GEMMA

There's been a formal complaint made against me, a number of negative comments online so -

SUSIE

'Online'. Well there's always trouble when you hear that word!

GEMMA

The GMC felt it wasn't appropriate for me to stay working, so they've asked me to take some time off pending an investigation.

SUSIE

But you're the senior doctor!

CHRIS

Well what's the complaint?

SUSIE

Chris! You can't ask that.

GEMMA

A man says I threatened to burn him with a lit cigarette unless he left his girlfriend alone.

SUSIE

(beat)

He said you threatened him?

Susie looks at Simon for sympathy. He shrugs but is working Gemma out - what's she doing...?

SUSIE (CONT'D)

Well, you've just got to pity some people, haven't you?

CHRIS

Fantasist.

KATE

But why would he make that up?

GEMMA

He didn't.

(beat)

He was beating up his girlfriend and I thought she needed help.

SUSIE

Oh... so... you -

GEMMA

Yeah. I've been under a lot of stress recently -

SUSIE

Right...

GEMMA

- in my personal life, it's clearly affected my work.

KATE

It's not an excuse -

GEMMA

(to Kate)

No, it's a reason.

SUSIE

Come on Kate, if the girl was gonna be beaten up...

KATE

If the girl was being beaten up you call the police?

A moment.

SUSIE

(sympathetic)

Things have been tough lately, have they?

GEMMA

Yes... yes I'd say so.

CHRIS
(to Andrew)
You listening? Stress.
(to the table)
Andrew said he wants to be a
doctor.

ANDREW
No I don't.

GEMMA
The stress is more at home
actually.

SIMON
(to Chris, changing the subject)
You must work all hours Chris to
stay on top of everything, I
know you said you take it easy -

GEMMA
Simon?

SIMON
- but there must be times -

GEMMA
You don't mind me saying about
the problems we've had?

SIMON
I... What?

GEMMA
You don't mind me opening up
about the difficulties we've
experienced?

SIMON
(plays bemused)
Difficulties?

GEMMA
Alright. Not difficulties that's
a euphemism I suppose, as we're
in company. But okay good, let's
be precise. Not difficulties.
Betrayals.

Simon looks at her. It's sinking in. This is it.
She knows, and she's going for it. Now. Tonight.

GEMMA (CONT'D)
Okay. I know we haven't talked
about it with each other, but we
both know what's been going on.
Don't we?

Gemma carries on eating, but she's the only one
that is. It's suddenly got really tense. Simon is
petrified, but can't be sure yet -

SIMON
(quietly, to her)
Gemma, are you...

GEMMA
Do you want me to spell it out?

SIMON
(playing confused now)
If there's really something we
need talk through then I don't
think this is the -

GEMMA

(still eating casually)

For the last two years, Simon's been secretly having sex with another woman.

(beat)

Well...

(beat)

More of a girl really.

A hush descends on the table. Kate is pretty good at keeping her expression blank. Simon is staring at Gemma. His whole world collapsing now.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I know we haven't spoken about it but these are our friends and I want to be honest.

CHRIS

You haven't talked about this until now?

SIMON

(still trying to make light of it) I think this is a joke -

GEMMA

That's a lie.

SIMON

- sometimes she says these things to get a reaction! But I have no idea what she's talking about -

GEMMA

He's lying right now. You see?

CHRIS

Maybe we should call it a night?

SIMON

Is that okay?

GEMMA

Pierre Blanche.

CHRIS

What?

GEMMA

Pierre Blanche means White Stone. Simon, isn't that the name of your main investor? I thought that you said that you two didn't do business together?

Chris looks across to Simon. Gemma's not meant to know.

SIMON

It's confidential.

GEMMA

(to Susie)

Simon has this big project called Academy Green, he couldn't raise any money so it ended up being entirely bankrolled by this single mystery company with an enigmatic title. 'White Stone'. And now it makes sense.

KATE

What do you mean bankrolled?

GEMMA

Dad has put in nearly all the money. Oh. Wait. You don't know? That's interesting.

Kate stares at Simon.

CHRIS

You two are obviously in the middle of something, let's just -

GEMMA

(to Susie)

Simon said ages ago that he had a friend on the local council who helped him secure the site. Pulled some strings, so that must've been you?

CHRIS

I didn't -

SUSIE

Chris, yes, you boasted about it.

GEMMA

It's illegal. If you're investing in the project yourself. It's a conflict of interest.

KATE

(upset. To Simon)

You're in business with Dad? Why didn't you tell me?

A moment as they all look at Kate.

SIMON

Gemma...

SUSIE

Is there something I don't know?

GEMMA

(to Simon)

Tell them.

Simon looks at Gemma. He has no choice.

SIMON

Chris, Susie...

GEMMA

Actually no, you've had two years. I'll do it. Susie, you'll notice that Kate looks quite unhappy.

SIMON

(low - steadying Kate)

It's okay.

KATE

(looking down, upset, dark)

You're a fucking bitch -

GEMMA

Bitch is right, I'm a wolf tonight.

SUSIE
(to Kate)
You mean you've been...

GEMMA
Sorry, Susie, but your
daughter's not a little girl any
more. You can ask my husband. He
likes blowjobs apparently and
I'm told she really knows what
she's doing.

CHRIS
Get out. GET OUT NOW.

Kate is really crying now.

GEMMA
No, there's more...

KATE
No, no!

SIMON
Don't.

GEMMA
(to Simon)
Do you want to do it or...

KATE
Go on then, you'll break all
your rules of confidentiality,
and tell my parents the most
personal thing in my life...

GEMMA

Kate got pregnant. With Simon's child. And because he messed her around so much, she had it aborted.

Kate didn't really expect her to do it - and she's furious. Nodding now. Smiling almost, working herself up -

KATE

Okay... okay...

She stands up and suddenly slaps Gemma round the back of her head. Now everyone's on their feet -

KATE (CONT'D)

(unintelligible but she's saying something like)
YOU ANCIENT FUCKING CUNT.

SUSIE

No!

KATE

Get her out!

Now in slow motion we see Gemma wipe her mouth, get up, walk away from the table. The others watch her as she takes her coat and heads to the door.

As Susie half-hugs, and half-manhandles Kate to the other side of the room, we now see the room from Gemma's perspective.

This is going to be a motif through the episode. The naturalistic sound fades, and the score takes over. Gemma is slightly removed - the action around her at a distance.

As the screaming and arguments continue, Gemma stands. Looks to Simon, as she puts her hair back in place. He's talking to Chris.

SIMON

(to Chris)

Chris, I'm sorry, you can tell
she's in a state...

EXT. PARKS HOUSE. FRONT DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Gemma comes out of the house, wearing her coat. She goes up to her car, unlocking it before she gets there.

She opens the door. Stops for a moment. That was an effort, but she's in the middle of the battle -

The sound of the front door of the house opening. Simon emerges. He's still in his shirt -

He walks over to her, distraught, breathing, furious, but she strikes first -

SIMON

What the fuck was that?

GEMMA

I wasn't ill at your party.

SIMON

(defiant, but working this out)
What?

GEMMA

I found your other phone in the boot of your car.

SIMON

Oh Jesus, okay. So you've known since...

Behind them, Chris slams the front door shut.

GEMMA

Are you coming back with me? We need to talk.

SIMON

(looking at the house, unsure)
Of course not. I've got to sort this out.

GEMMA

It's just that's where our son lives.

Simon looks at her, torn. Knows he should go with her, but can't just walk away...

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Simon they have literally closed the door on you. They hate you.

(beat)

I'm assuming that you didn't tell them in case Chris withdrew the funding -

SIMON

Yeah, and if I had we'd be bankrupt. You want the truth? Everything we have...

GEMMA

- is invested in Academy Green,
yeah, I know. Neil said.

SIMON

He wouldn't.

GEMMA

Just after we slept together.

Simon is astounded.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

He was alright actually. I
wouldn't sell tickets but we had
a good time.

SIMON

You wanted to get back at me?

GEMMA

Is it sinking in? Have you felt
it yet?

(she looks at him closely)

No. But you will. How was Kate?
I mean the things she must be
able to do with that tongue.

SIMON

How was Neil?

GEMMA

I came. Hard. Once. He's
slightly bigger than you but not
as good.

Simon looks down, trying to take all this in -

SIMON

Gemma, I made a mistake but it wasn't about sex. I didn't want this to happen. I know you won't believe me but when I met Kate we just sparked. I had to find out what it was.

GEMMA

So helpless.

He turns back, stares at her. She's firm, eloquent, rooted.

SIMON

And yes I didn't want Chris to find out because of the money, but that wasn't the main reason I didn't tell you.

GEMMA

Selfish. Nasty.

SIMON

It's because I still love you. Despite all this, I do.

GEMMA

Shut up and listen - we will never have a relationship again. Now here's what I want. Leave me and Tom living in our house, and go away somewhere else, start again.

SIMON

(beat)

No. No I'm not moving.

The front door opens and Kate has come out in her coat with car keys. She walks through the middle of Gemma and Simon to her car.

KATE

(to Simon as she passes)

We can't stay here.

She gets to her car and opens the door.

KATE (CONT'D)

We can go to the house. Most of my stuff's still there.

SIMON

Please, Kate. Please.

GEMMA

(to Simon)

Tom will want to know what's happening.

Kate turns to Gemma.

KATE

You know I used to feel sorry for you. I've always said he should tell you the truth.

(beat)

Now I get why he didn't.

(to Simon)

Why is it women go mad when they get old?

Gemma looks at Kate.

GEMMA

You're still pregnant.

Simon looks at Kate - her reaction is giving it away.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You didn't drink wine at the table.

Gemma nods to Kate's hand - it's on her tummy.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You didn't have the abortion.

(to Simon)

She was testing you to see if you wanted her or just the baby. And you passed. Went back. Well done.

SIMON

(to Kate)

Really?

KATE

(beat)

Yeah.

Kate turns and goes back to her car, gets in, starts the engine. Gemma looks at Simon, who's dazed.

SIMON

Please don't tell Tom. Not yet.

Gemma shrugs. This is his choice now. To go with Kate, or come back and speak to his son. He's unsure...

Kate reverses back in her car. Simon opens the passenger door, and gets in. The car speeds off.

A moment of stillness. Quiet.

Gemma continues looking for a moment. Then puts her head down, accepts it, gets in her car and drives away.

Her perspective as she turns onto the road, the headlights picking out the houses -

CUT TO -

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. NIGHT

Gemma drives down the road and into her drive. She's staring.

Still... staring...

Then she gets out, and looks at her house.

The thing is... it's not that late.

She's about to go inside but then... she turns the other way - looks across the street. Neil and Anna's house. The lights are on.

Gemma realises something, and heads towards their door.

CUT TO -

EXT. FRONT DOOR. NEIL AND ANNA'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Anna opens the door. She smiles.

ANNA

Hello!

A moment.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Everything alright?

Anna stares at her, trying to work it out. Not sure what's going on...

GEMMA

Are you going to invite me in?

Anna hesitates. As she does Neil bounds over.

NEIL

I recognise that voice! Hello!
Are you coming in?

GEMMA

Thanks.

Neil lets Gemma inside the house. She keeps walking, through to the back of the house - not waiting to be led.

INT. NEIL AND ANNA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT

Gemma glides into the room. Anna comes after her, then Neil. Throughout the scene Gemma is detached, unknowable.

ANNA

Can I get you anything?

GEMMA

No.

NEIL

So to what do we owe this
pleasure?

GEMMA

(to Anna)

How did you know about it?

ANNA

I'm sorry?

GEMMA

What we did? Did you check his
text messages? He can't have
been stupid enough to have left
them on his phone.

Anna looks at her. Works it all out, very quickly.
She's clever, and she's not going to be the idiot in
this conversation. She looks at Neil.

ANNA

He strays. Which I accept. As
long as I have knowledge of
where -

NEIL

You know?

ANNA

And who. Sometimes I follow him
to check who he's meeting.
Normally it's women I've never

met. Don't care about. Until
you. Never one of our friends
before.

NEIL

Anna, I'm really... I'm sorry -

ANNA

(sharp)

Not in front of her.

A moment. A look between them. Neil gets it.

GEMMA

How did you find out about
Simon. Did he tell you?

ANNA

No. We ran into him with Kate,
in London. It was awkward at
first but actually we got on,
ended up having a drink. And we
were very clear, from the
beginning. His marriage is not
our business. We stay out.

(beat)

Was it that hair of hers you
found? Yeah. I thought that
might start things off.

NEIL

(to Gemma)

So you knew when we were -

ANNA

Yeah. That's why she felt able
to.

GEMMA

You're really clever aren't you?

ANNA

I'm not a doctor but I do
alright.

GEMMA

Why didn't we ever get on?

ANNA

(laughs)

You're joking?

Anna stares at her, and Gemma starts to
understand. Anna loathes her. Anna picks up her
wine.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Neil and I might not be perfect,
but we know what the other one
needs. We function. We don't
talk about what he does. Until
now - thanks to you.

(beat)

But you and Simon? You don't
know each other at all. Never
have.

Gemma sits down. Neil is stood by the wall,
staying out of it, up till now. He relies on Anna
hugely, and is cautious of upsetting her.

GEMMA

And why the comments?

NEIL

What comments?

GEMMA

The night that we met up,
someone started to put negative
comments about me online. It
took me till just now, standing
out there, to work out who it
was. Who would have the time?
The reason to do it?

ANNA

You have no idea how you come
across. What people say about
you when you leave the room.
They breathe a sigh of relief.
Because I don't know if you mean
to but you make them feel
inadequate, and even though you
say you like them, it's clear
you think you're very slightly
better. Better than all of us.

(beat)

Those stories I put online, they
may be made up, but what they're
saying is all true.

NEIL

Delete them.

ANNA

Sure.

(beat)

But that's not why she came
round.

(to Gemma)

Is it? So I'd remove the
messages. You came here tonight
to reveal your secret. Break us
up maybe. But look. We're still
together. Aren't we?

They look at each other.

NEIL
(quietly)

Yeah.

They both look at Gemma. She stands up.

GEMMA
Thanks.

She walks towards the front door. Still holding it
together - tense - coiled -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Gemma closes her front door and pauses.

The TV is on as Gemma walks towards the kitchen.
Becky appears.

BECKY
Hey. How was it?

GEMMA
Has anyone called?

BECKY
Here? Tonight? No.

GEMMA

Okay.

(beat)

Well. He's not here. That's how it went.

BECKY

Where did you go?

GEMMA

For dinner.

BECKY

So is he staying with her?

Gemma doesn't reply. The answer's obvious from Simon's absence.

GEMMA

How's Tom been?

BECKY

We watched TV and then he went to bed. He's asleep now I think.

She calls Isobel who is asleep on the sofa.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Isobel? Come on love, it's time to go home, grab my stuff will you?

Gemma seems distracted. She hasn't even taken off her coat yet...

Isobel comes through with Becky's coat and bag.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I'll... just... leave you to it.
(to Isobel)

Come on.

Becky and Isobel leave. Gemma closes the front door behind them... and just stands in the hall.

Close on her hand - the pressing of her finger into her thumb is harder now - her nail into the skin.

It's starting to bleed.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. NIGHT

We see from outside. Gemma walks slowly towards the flickering light from the TV in the front room, where Becky had been previously.

Framed by the window and the curtains we see Gemma lit by a lamp and a flickering TV.

She is contemplating havoc. Then she turns, walks towards the curtains, and suddenly closes them.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

BLACK.

Simon opens his eyes to see photos of him and Kate on the bedside table.

It's early in the morning. From above, in a parallel shot to many of those we've seen of Simon and Gemma, we find Simon, waking up, in bed with Kate. If it wasn't for the events of last night, and the previous two years, this would be a beautiful scene. Sunlight pouring in on two people in love.

But they're not close in bed. Simon hasn't slept too well, and his head is very full. But he reaches over and cuddles Kate. Very different to how he is with Gemma.

We come round and realise her eyes are open. She's awake.

SIMON

I'm sorry.

KATE

You like secrets, don't you?

SIMON

I'm not the only one.

He lifts up her pyjama top to reveal her belly. He touches it.

KATE

I want to keep it.

SIMON

Okay.

KATE

Do you?

SIMON

Yeah.

A moment, then she turns to him.

KATE

I could talk to Dad this morning. Explain. Get him to keep the funding going. Right? That's what we need.

SIMON

If you think you can.

He kisses her. She kisses him back. We get the sense they're going to have sex when -

There's a knock on the front door.

They look at each other. The knock again, and Kate gets up.

CUT TO -

INT. KATE'S HOUSE. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY. DAY

Kate, half-dressed and bleary-eyed, comes down the stairs and opens the front door.

Standing on the doorstep, in his uniform, is Tom.

TOM

Who are you?

KATE

I'm... Oh... you're...

TOM

Is my dad here?

KATE

He... Yeah, come in.

Tom comes into the room. Looks around.

KATE (CONT'D)

(calls)

Simon!

It's your son.

A moment. Tom stares at Kate. Kate tries to smile, but is very uncomfortable.

Simon comes down the stairs. He looks very confused.

SIMON

Hey mate, what are you -

TOM

Mum said that she had some stuff to do, but that you'd be here and you'd take me to school. What's going on?

SIMON

Yeah okay... I can take you.

TOM

Who's she?

SIMON

This is my friend, Kate.

TOM

Your friend?

SIMON

Mum and me had a row, Kate let
me stay in the spare room.

Tom looks at her, suspiciously.

TOM

How old are you?

KATE

Twenty-three.

TOM

Are you having sex with each
other?

KATE

What?!

SIMON

Tom -

TOM

Don't lie to me.

SIMON

Mate listen. Kate's just a
friend. Promise. Yeah?

Tom looks at her, sceptical.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Now you stay here, I'll get my
stuff, take you in. Okay? Two
minutes.

(to Kate)

We'll have to take your car.

He goes upstairs. Kate and Tom look at each other.

TOM

You're Andrew Parks' sister.

KATE

Yeah.

TOM

At the football some of them
fancied you.

KATE

Okay.

TOM

But then your brother said they
shouldn't because you're a slut
and have sex with loads of
people all the time.

KATE

Andrew doesn't like me very
much. He makes things up.

TOM

Is it true though?

KATE

It...

Kate stops herself. Then takes a step towards him.

KATE (CONT'D)

Women can have as much sex as
they like Tom. Just like men.

A moment. Tom suddenly feels out of his depth, scared.

TOM
Not with Dad though?

KATE
He just told you. We're... good friends. Okay?

She escapes upstairs. Tom sits down.

CUT TO -

EXT. ROAD AWAY FROM THE SCHOOL. DAY

Kate's car has pulled up round the corner from the school. Simon and Kate are in the car. Tom gets out.

SIMON
We can drop you by the gate.

TOM
(looking at Kate)
No thanks.

He walks off. Kate looks at Simon, frustrated.

KATE
Sort this out.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Simon enters the house. There's no one here.

He walks through to the kitchen. This house that is about to be split apart. All the things. The coats hanging up.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

In the kitchen, the dirty bowls by the dishwasher ready to be loaded. The stuff on the fridge. He stops. Stares.

He's never going to have a domestic, family life here again. It hits him. It's all gone.

CUT TO -

INT. PARKS HOUSE. HALLWAY/RECEPTION AREA. DAY

Chris opens the door. Kate's there. He sees her, then turns and walks away, leaving it open.

CHRIS

You don't have to ring the bell.

Kate enters.

Chris walks into the room and stands looking out at his garden. Kate follows.

KATE

Where's Mum?

CHRIS

Migraine. What did he do first?
Get my money or sleep with my
daughter?

KATE

We met at that networking event,
when I was doing the drinks. We
talked, we got on.

CHRIS

He was using you to get to me.

KATE

Dad -

CHRIS

He didn't tell you we were
working together.

KATE

He was protecting me.

CHRIS

Right.

A moment.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Well whatever he said to you,
he's very bad at business. At
first I thought he was on to
something, but then the further
we got I started smelling
bullshit.

KATE

He's been unlucky.

CHRIS

Sweetheart that is naive, he's been incredibly lucky but he's messed it up every step of the way.

KATE

Well you have to keep going.

CHRIS

With him? Giving him money? I don't think so.

KATE

Dad, the only reason he took so long to tell you -

CHRIS

He didn't tell me. His wife did!

KATE

Let me finish! He didn't want to leave her and Tom with nothing.

CHRIS

You think I haven't looked at another women since I married? Course I have. But I work hard to fulfil my promise to your mum.

KATE

Yeah, well you're amazing as always!

(beat)

Fine, don't help him then. Do it for me.

CHRIS

You made a mistake. You're an adult and there are consequences.

Kate's crying a little, she turns away. Really upset.

A moment. She turns back.

KATE

You're not even going to hug me.

CHRIS

Course I am. Come here.

He hugs her.

KATE

Dad? I'm still pregnant.

(beat)

You can't just walk away from him.

Chris looks at her. Compassionate but resolute.

CHRIS

Alright. We'll look after you and the child. You have a room here if you need it. You can always come back. Always.

(beat)

But he's getting no more money from me. Ever.

She pulls away, hurt. She turns and leaves.

The front door slams shut.

Once it has, Chris looks up to see Gemma, who's been watching all this from upstairs. She was there the whole time.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

That do it for you?

Gemma comes down the stairs and walks toward the door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How do I know you won't say anything?

GEMMA

(stops, turns to him)

We actually want the same thing.

She opens the door.

CHRIS

What are you going to do now?

She looks at him, shrugs, then goes.

CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. RECEPTION. DAY

Gemma stands in the doorway to the surgery. Looks around. Patients are waiting. Some of them glance up at her, recognise her, then look away.

She heads for the corridor but Luke has spotted her. He walks up to her.

LUKE

Hey.

A moment. She just looks at him.

LUKE (CONT'D)
You're here to see... Ros?

GEMMA
Yeah.

LUKE
(confidentially)
Gemma you should know, before
you got here -

Ros appears from the back office.

ROS
Hi. You want to come with me?

She leads Gemma away. Luke watches them go. Ros
talking to Gemma.

ROS (CONT'D)
There is still the outstanding
complaint.

GEMMA
All doctors get complaints. And
as I said on the phone there is
no reason I can't come back -

ROS
I thought we'd go somewhere more
private?

They turn to go into the meeting room.

INT. SURGERY. MEETING ROOM. DAY

They walk in to find Simon. His coat is laid across the chair nearby. Gemma stares at him.

ROS (CONT'D)

Simon called me just after you did. He told me what happened last night, and I thought perhaps the best thing would be for you to speak somewhere more neutral. To work this out.

(beat)

So no one else is caught up in the middle.

Simon and Gemma stare at each other.

ROS (CONT'D)

I'll be around if you need me.

SIMON

Thanks.

She goes. Closes the door behind her. They look at each other.

Gemma goes to the water cooler, gets a cup and drinks some water.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Kate says her dad won't help. He's going to cut me out. I assume you'd spoken already? If he didn't do what you wanted you'd go to the council, tell them about the conflict of interest.

GEMMA

Yeah. He's going to give the project to a new developer. And then when it's finished and sold, he'll pay me back every penny. In the meantime, he'll cover my expenses. I'll keep the house. Get the savings back.

SIMON

It's my project. I did all the work.

GEMMA

You're not as good looking as you think.

Gemma walks the room - she prowls.

SIMON

What was that, this morning?
Leaving Tom on the doorstep.

GEMMA

Did you tell him?

SIMON

It's not fair, putting him in that position.

GEMMA

He has a right to hear the truth. I thought that you would want to do that yourself, but fine, you've had your chance.

Gemma puts her finger into her thumb again, there's now dried blood on the side of her hand.

Not a lot, but it's starting to be noticeable.

SIMON

Please can we just try to -

GEMMA

Either you leave, or I tell the police that you forged my signature on the mortgage.

Gemma goes to Simon's coat.

SIMON

What are you doing?

GEMMA

I bought all your clothes. In fact anything from the last two years came out of money that I earnt. You can't argue with that.

She reaches into the pocket of his coat. Takes out his wallet.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

This.

She puts the wallet on the table. Then takes out his car keys.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Your car's mine.

She takes out his phone.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

And this.

She keeps it in her hand.

SIMON

I'm not leaving. Kate doesn't want to. And I can't live far from Tom so we're just going to have to start to talk.

GEMMA

You have to leave.

SIMON

I'm not going anywhere.

GEMMA

Simon...

She suddenly lifts her arm and smashes the phone against the table.

SIMON

(quietly)

Gemma...

GEMMA

What? You've got another one.

She picks up a chair and uses the leg to smash it again, over and over.

ROS (O.S.)

Gemma... can we speak to you?

Just after it's done, she looks up to find Ros at the door, with another doctor, Martha.

GEMMA

No.

ROS

Simon explained what happened this morning with Tom, and I can see that you're... I called Martha, asked her to come and see you.

MARTHA

Hi Gemma -

GEMMA

Why?

ROS

I really think the best thing for us all would be to -

MARTHA

I just want a word -

SIMON

Before you do something you regret.

ROS

We think it'd be really good for you to see somebody that's not us, that you trust...

SIMON

I don't know what happened with Tom this morning but when he was there on the doorstep he looked terrified.

GEMMA

You... Tom?

For the first time Gemma's listening. Engaged.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Why are you talking about Tom?

A moment. The idea's in the room now. They're suggesting she might be a danger to him.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Is that why you want...?

Gemma grabs her keys and makes to go, but Ros doesn't move, blocking her way.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Are you going to stop me from leaving?

ROS

Of course not, Gemma.

GEMMA

Move!

Gemma walks out of the room.

INT. SURGERY. CORRIDOR. DAY

And Gemma's walking, at pace, down the corridor.

Behind her, Ros follows.

ROS

Gemma!

Gemma doesn't stop.

ROS (CONT'D)

Gemma!

EXT. SURGERY. DAY

Gemma walks out of the surgery - as she does,
Poppy runs over.

POPPY

Doctor Foster!

POPPY'S MUM

Poppy! The doctor's busy.

Gemma stops for a moment.

POPPY

They took it off! Look!

She waves her arm around. Simon comes out of the
surgery doors.

GEMMA

That's good, but you have to be
careful, it's better but it's
not quite -

POPPY

(singing)

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
-

GEMMA

(slightly too sharply)

No.

(now calmer - softer - aware that Simon's behind her)

No, Poppy, it's not Doctor Foster any more. I'm getting divorced. And changing my name is what you call a silver lining.

SIMON

Gemma...

Gemma stands. Smiles to Poppy's mum.

GEMMA

Bye.

She leaves, keeps walking. Simon keeps following -

SIMON

Stop. And think.

She unlocks her car. Then puts her hand in her pocket for something else.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Work this out, before it all gets worse.

GEMMA

Do you want your car keys?

Gemma holds up his car keys.

SIMON

What?

GEMMA

Fetch.

And she throws his car keys up on to the roof of the medical centre, then turns and gets in her car. Starts it, reverses out and away.

INT. Highbrook School. Reception. Day

The headteacher, Mrs Walters - efficient, principled and careful, is talking to Gemma.

MRS WALTERS

I've just had a call from your husband. He requested that I didn't release Tom.

GEMMA

My husband and I aren't together any more. So unless you honestly think there's a safeguarding issue, or that I'm drunk, or mentally unwell, or an urgent danger to my son, then you have to let me take him, right now.

CUT TO -

EXT. Highbrook School. Day

Gemma walks away with Tom from the reception towards her car. They get in and drive away. They turn left out of the drive. As they disappear, Simon's car speeds in from the right.

INT. Highbrook School. Reception. Day

Simon's car drives right up to the entrance and parks suddenly. Simon gets out. Mrs Walters walks towards him.

SIMON

Is she here?

EXT. PARMINSTER RINGROAD. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

Gemma is driving home. Tom's in the passenger seat next to her.

TOM

You say I have to go and knock on a door cos that's where Dad is and as soon as it's opened you drive off. Inside there's that girl. Everyone says she's a slut.

GEMMA

Don't use words like that -

TOM

She is though. I'm not stupid I can guess what's happening but you don't tell me anything.

Gemma doesn't reply.

TOM (CONT'D)

If you don't, I'm going to open the door -

He goes to open the door.

GEMMA

Okay.

He's about to, when Gemma suddenly turns the wheel.

We see from outside, as the car suddenly turns off the ringroad, on to a track that runs across a field. dust flies up, as Gemma keeps her foot down.

INT / EXT. FIELD. GEMMA'S CAR. DAY

The car continues at speed, along the track, until they're a long way from the ringroad, and the town.

It feels in the middle of nowhere.

With another skid of dust, the car stops.

TOM

What are you doing?

GEMMA

You wanted to stop.

Gemma opens the door and gets out.

EXT. FIELD. DAY

It's a bleak, English field. No one around. Cold and cloudy.

Gemma stands a little distance from the car. Tom also gets out, and goes round to confront her.

They look at each other.

GEMMA

So what do you think's going on?

TOM

Other families they spend time together, you get in so late, I want to talk to you but then you just say you're so tired. The other mums, they do things for their children, packed lunches, take them places -

GEMMA

(quietly)

I do all those things.

TOM

Buy them new clothes at the weekend, and they love the dads. But you just work. You work all the time.

Gemma looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

So I think Dad got sick of it and went to have sex with that other girl. And now you both hate each other and want to get a divorce.

GEMMA

You think it's my fault.

TOM

Dad has fun with me. We do stuff. He's there.

GEMMA

He has time. He doesn't earn the money.

TOM

It's not all about money, Mum.

A moment.

GEMMA

You like Dad.

TOM

Yeah.

GEMMA

You don't like me.

TOM

(pause)

No. Not at the moment.

Gemma goes to the boot of the car, and opens it.

TOM (CONT'D)

See you're not even talking to me
now, you're just ignoring me -

Tom continues to talk. We see, from inside the boot, Gemma opening her doctor's bag and reaching inside.

TOM (CONT'D)

You know, you're supposed to
spend time with your family? Not
just think about yourself, or
work, to do what you want to -

Gemma grabs something from the bag and turns.

Tom looks at her, shocked. In her hand are the
scissors, from Episode One.

TOM (CONT'D)

What you doing?

Close on Gemma's eyes - dark. Hidden.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. HALLWAY. DAY

Simon comes down the stairs and out of the front
door. He's halfway through a conversation on his
other mobile (to Kate).

SIMON

(on phone)

She didn't say anything to
anyone at school about where she
was going so I haven't got a
clue where...

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

SIMON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

She's got him but I don't...

Gemma swings into the drive as Simon comes out of the house.

Simon sees Gemma's car heading towards him. He moves out of the way.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Okay. She's here.

Gemma gets out. She looks windswept, mad, her hand now has a bandage round it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Where's Tom?

Gemma walks past him, and into the house. He follows her inside.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

This is real. Rough edges.

We follow Simon through the front door, down the hall, and round the corner, into the kitchen.

Gemma sits at the breakfast bar, on a stool, adjusting her bandage.

SIMON

Where is he?

Simon looks at her, unsure.

GEMMA

Becky's.

SIMON

Becky's at work.

GEMMA

Not any more.

SIMON

So if I call her...

Gemma gets off the stool, and goes and pours herself a drink. Rum and Coke.

GEMMA

Do you remember when we went to Devon? Tom was about three, and we went to that causeway to get to the island, and on the way back, the tide had started to come in but you said let's do it anyway, and you lifted him up on to your shoulders, and held my hand and paddled through the water. That was fun.

(beat)

You destroyed it all.

(beat)

I wasted fourteen years of my life when I could've been with someone better. Who do I go to for justice? To make this fair.

SIMON

I honestly thought if I could just get us in a position where we had money, and Tom was a bit older.

GEMMA

You are so stupid.

Simon picks up his phone and dials Becky's number.

SIMON

Okay, well maybe my mistake was even trying, maybe I should've come to you straight away, said I know we're married, but I'm fucking someone else.

GEMMA

Why did you do it? I still don't understand.

He puts the phone to his ear. It's ringing.

SIMON

Because we're all animals, sometimes we can't control our biology, we fall in love when we shouldn't, we have sex with the wrong people. I'm sick of saying sorry cos it happens to people all over the world, all the time, people just deal with it, this kind of thing happens a lot.

GEMMA

You haven't.

SIMON

What?

GEMMA

You've never said sorry.

The phone's picked up at the other end.

SIMON

Becky, it's me. Is Tom there?
Gemma said he's with you.

(beat)

Okay.

He hangs up. Gemma drinks her drink.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to Gemma)

Where is he?

GEMMA

Neil said that all men cheat,
it's just most of them get away
with it. Is that true?

SIMON

Where's Tom?

We're on Gemma. Drinking. A very slow push in on her.

A sense of foreboding as she drinks. Her face giving away very little.

A moment. Close on both of them.

Closer and closer on her. We're thinking - who is she? This woman we've been watching for five weeks now. What has she done? What is she capable of?

GEMMA

You've taken everything away
from
me, my respect, my job, money -

She holds out her hand. A small clump of brown hair.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Could it be after all that, when you made everyone think that I was mad so that I'll be removed from my son -

SIMON

What's that?

GEMMA

His hair. It came off in my hand.

Simon looks at her, horrified.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Could it be that I decided that I'd rather do something to protect him from having to grow up to be someone like you?

SIMON

What do you mean?

GEMMA

Because if it's true that all men are entirely led by their desire to fuck anything they want, then why would I want him to grow up to be like that?

She puts the hair on the counter.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Everyone will ask, who made her
do it? How was this allowed to
happen? And where were the
neighbours and the friends?

(beat)

It'll be the only thing that
this town is known for.

(genuinely)

Maybe I am mad.

He goes towards her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

You really think that I could do
that?

He stares at her.

SIMON

I don't know.

GEMMA

Exactly. Simon, he's so
beautiful and you don't deserve
him.

Gemma's eyes are full of tears - at what she's
done.

He steps back, distraught. Unsure what to do...

SIMON

Should... I should...

He cries, against the wall...

GEMMA

Through all of this, you've had that look like you're about to smile, even when things were serious - I don't think you ever got what you did. The horror of losing it all. And when you slept with her, you killed the person that I love and the son that I was going to bring up. The me that I was starting to like. Everything that I wanted and worked for, and loved, died.

Simon looks up at her, about to attack her. He picks up the hair on the counter.

He's distraught, and staggers away from Gemma, towards the front door.

He opens it -

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

- and Tom's standing there, about to come in. Carly's in the background with her car.

SIMON

Oh god -

Simon grabs Tom and hugs him. Tom pushes him away and heads inside. Simon follows him inside and closes the door.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Mate -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

Tom walks through into the kitchen. Simon follows.

TOM

Mum said that she had to spend
time with you. I had to wait
with her friend Carly.

SIMON

Okay... well... your mum and me,
we have to have a conversation
about a lot of things, so maybe
the best thing -

TOM

(crying)

Mum says that you had sex with
Kate Parks for two years and hid
it from her and me. That you
spent all of our money.

Simon looks at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

Is that true?

A moment. Simon thinks about more lies. He could.
He could claim Gemma was mad.

SIMON

Yeah. I...

(neat - no excuses now)

Yeah. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

TOM

Why?

Tom looks at him, desperate not to cry. Looks at Gemma, sat drinking, not looking at them. Then goes upstairs. A moment, and the door slams.

SIMON

(to Gemma)

I didn't want to tell him, like that.

GEMMA

Then you should've been better.

SIMON

I thought he was dead. You made me think...

Simon stands opposite Gemma.

He's sobbing, crying now - he's half-distraught, half-furious. He picks up the hair.

GEMMA

It's my hair.

SIMON

It smells of him.

GEMMA

I smell of him.

Simon's making a strange noise. He's primal now - full of... something. Hate, or animal revenge. He hates this woman. He grabs her by the neck, then the face and pushes her, holding her tight... we don't know what he's doing - he doesn't know what he's doing.

He's pushing her against the glass doors, harder and harder.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

This is it. This is what it felt like. Now you understand.

SIMON

He's my son!

(beat)

He's. My. Son.

Simon lets go, turns, walks away for a moment... we think he's calming down, then suddenly he comes flying back at her, pushing her hard, into the glass doors. They crack, as she hits them, don't smash, but her legs give way, and she slumps to the floor.

A moment. He can't believe what he's done...

CUT TO -

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DAY

Carly is stood outside the house. She's smoking.

CARLY

(to herself)

Shit.

She has seen Kate get out of her car. Kate sees Carly.

KATE

What are you... you know them?

Anna runs across from her house.

ANNA

What's happened?

KATE

What do you mean?

ANNA

He just called me!

Anna doesn't stop - just heads straight through the front door. Kate follows, then Carly.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

She sees Simon sitting on a stool, Gemma on the floor. Anna goes straight to her. Her face has blood on it, as her nose is bleeding. Gemma's still conscious, just -

SIMON

I hit her...

ANNA

Have you called an ambulance?

SIMON

No.

KATE

Is she alright?

ANNA

Just stand outside. Both of you.

CARLY

Where's Tom?

SIMON

Upstairs. I told him to stay there.

CARLY

I'll stop him coming in.

ANNA

(to Carly)

And call an ambulance.

SIMON

And the police.

ANNA

What?

SIMON

(sad, guilty)

Call the police as well.

Simon gets up and goes outside. Kate looks at the scene, and follows him. In the background Carly calls an ambulance. Anna is close to Gemma, whose eyes are opening.

ANNA

(to Gemma)

It's alright. Can you sit up?
Come on, you're going to be alright.

Close on Gemma... fading consciousness...

A sense of detachment. Chaos around her - Carly speaking to Tom on the stairs. Anna's talking to Gemma, trying to help but we don't hear it -

Through the open door, Simon listens to Kate, who's screaming at him, wanting to know what happened.

Tom gets past Carly, and runs down the stairs, to her, and stops, shocked... Gemma reaches out to him. Takes his hand.

Then closes her eyes, exhausted.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. BEDROOM. DAY

BLACK. Then -

The alarm goes off, on the bedside. 6.30 a.m.

Gemma is curled up in the double bed. She turns on to her front. The overhead shot we've seen so many times. But now she's on her own.

CUT TO -

INT. FOSTER HOUSE. KITCHEN. DAY

An identical shot to the one in Episode One. Gemma in the kitchen with Tom eating his breakfast. Gemma grabs her keys and bag and has a last sip of coffee.

GEMMA

Ready to go?

TOM

(getting off the stool)

Yeah.

EXT. FOSTER HOUSE. DRIVEWAY. DAY

There's only one car in the drive now. Tom opens the passenger door to get in. Gemma closes the front door of the house, and goes round to the driver's side.

As she does, she sees Anna saying goodbye to Neil across the road. They both notice her. Anna waves, kind.

Gemma smiles a little, and then gets in her car.

INT. G56 SOLICITORS. ANWAR'S OFFICE. DAY

Anwar looking thinner, and quite ill, hands the divorce papers to Gemma. She signs them, then gives them back. He signs them.

They look at each other and smile.

CUT TO -

INT. SURGERY. BACK OFFICE. DAY

Ros and Gemma stand opposite each other at a table. It's formal. Not much trust between them now.

ROS

He's withdrawn the complaint. No reason not to come back. And I don't like being in charge. Can't do the spreadsheets!

Gemma glances at her. Too soon for that kind of relationship.

GEMMA

You should have this.

She puts the doctor's bag on the table.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Don't want any confusion.

ROS

Keep it. Just for a while. See how you feel.

Gemma looks at it. Not sure.

ROS (CONT'D)

Gemma...

(beat)

I just didn't want to hurt anyone.

EXT. SURGERY. DAY

Gemma comes out of the surgery, where Tom is waiting. She is still holding her bag.

They walk off, towards town...

EXT. PARMINSTER TOWN SQUARE. DAY

Gemma is sat outside a coffee shop with a coffee. The doctor's bag is at her feet.

She drinks. Looks at the people walking past. Couples. Families. She's still detached from them all. She's thinking... unresolved. Unsure how to move on now. What to do next.

She can see across to a newsagent where Tom is looking at computer magazines, serious. He looks older somehow now.

Gemma then sees Kate walking right past her, only three months later, clearly pregnant now, but dressed differently.

Kate comes across.

KATE

How are you?

GEMMA

Good.

KATE

We're moving to London.

(beat)

Simon wanted you to know but obviously, he's not allowed to

call so. My parents are pleased
as well, actually. New start.

Gemma nods. Awkward pause. Kate decides to leave.

KATE (CONT'D)

Bye.

She walks away, towards the road. As she does, Tom comes out of the shop with a magazine he's bought. Gemma smiles. He sits across the table from her to read it.

GEMMA

Do you want to sit here?

Tom looks at her, sighs, then gets up and moves to the chair next to his mum, without really looking at her. Then he continues to read.

She makes a decision and kisses his head. But he doesn't respond and it feels awkward.

Gemma then turns and watches as Kate goes to the road. A small second-hand car pulls up. A world away from Simon's old car. Simon gets out, unshaven, and opens the door for Kate.

He looks somehow older now, but less harried, less naive, and more sober.

Gemma watches them together.

Simon looks up, he sees her.

They make eye contact, at a huge distance. She doesn't flinch. She keeps on looking.

They stare at each other.

He looks at Tom. She turns to look at Tom too.
(Tom doesn't notice all this. Doesn't see his dad.)

Gemma and Simon look back at each other. As they stare, maybe there's even a flicker of love, still there...

He looks away. Shuts the car door now Kate is in, hurries back to the driver's side, gets in, and the car drives off.

Gemma drinks her coffee, looks at Tom.

On the page Tom's got open, there's a advert for a video game - it features very prominently an image of a woman with few clothes on in a sexualised pose. Tom doesn't seem to notice it, particularly. But it's there.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

TOM

(a little annoyed)

Yeah, I'm reading.

She turns and looks at all the people walking past. instead.

Happy families - all out at the weekend.

Couples, kids, laughing, enjoying themselves.

Suddenly a scream.

PASSER-BY

We need a doctor!

Gemma's already out of her seat, and running across the square, cutting through the crowd of people and kneels to examine the man. She looks at the wife.

GEMMA

My name's Doctor Gemma Foster.
Are you his wife?

WIFE

Yes.

GEMMA

Call nine-nine-nine, tell them
it's a cardiac arrest.

Tom's run across and is right there. Gemma looks up at him.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

Tom, I need my bag!

But he's already got it. He gives it to her.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

(affectionate)

Thank you.

They share a quick smile - complicit again.

Then he stands back, and watches, actually impressed as his mum works.

He's never seen his mum like this before.

A doctor.

CUT TO BLACK.

Cast in order of appearance

Dr Gemma Foster	SURANNE JONES
Simon Foster	BERTIE CARVEL
Tom Foster	TOM TAYLOR
Gordon Ward	DANIEL CERQUEIRA
Luke Barton	CIAN BARRY
Julie	SHAZIA NICHOLLS
Ros Mahendra	THUSITHA JAYASUNDERA
Nick Stanford	PETER DE JERSEY
Carly	CLARE-HOPE ASHITEY
Susie Parks	SARA STEWART
Poppy	TYLA WILSON
Isobel	MEGAN ROBERTS
Becky	MARTHA HOWE-DOUGLAS
Neil	ADAM JAMES
Anna	VICTORIA HAMILTON
Jack Reynolds	ROBERT PUGH
Helen Foster	CHERYL CAMPBELL
Bridewell Nurse	CHARLOTTE McKINNEY
Chris Parks	NEIL STUKE
Andrew Parks	CHARLIE CUNNIFFE
Kate Parks	JODIE COMER
Daniel Spencer	RICKY NIXON
Anwar	NAVIN CHOWDHRY
Belinda	BESSIE CURSONS
Dr Stevens	JOHN WEBBER

Lilly	SAMANTHA BEST
Julie	SHAZIA NICHOLLS
Mary	ELIZABETH RIDER
Isobel	MEGAN ROBERTS
Martha	HEATHER BLEASDALE
Poppy	TYLA WILSON
Mrs Walters	HELENA LYMBERY

Crew

Stunt Coordinators	ANDY BRADFORD GARY CONNERY RAY DE HAAN
Stunt Performers	TANYA BRASS ZARENE DALLAS RAY DE HAAN IAN KAY
Production Coordinator	ANNA GOODRIDGE
Production Secretary	TIM MORRIS
Production Runner	EUAN GILHOOLY
Script Editor	LAUREN CUSHMAN
Production Accountant	ELIZABETH WALKER
Assistant Production Accountant	LINDA BAIGE
Casting Associate	ALICE PURSER
Casting Assistant	RI McDAID-WREN
1st Assistant Director (eps 1–3)	KRISTIAN DENCH
1st Assistant Director (eps 4&5)	DEAN BYFIELD
2nd Assistant Director (eps 1–3)	SEAN CLAYTON
2nd Assistant Director (eps 4&5)	CHRISTIAN RIGG
3rd Assistant Director	JAMES McGEOWN
Floor Runners	ALEXANDRA BEAHAN SOPHIE KENNY
Location Manager (eps 1–3)	KAREN SMITH
Location Manager (eps 4&5)	BILL TWISTON-DAVIES
Assistant Location Manager	ELENA VAKIRTZIS

Location Assistant	COREY MORPETH
Camera Operator	JEREMY HILES
A Camera Focus Puller	JAY POLYZOIDES
B Camera Focus Puller	PIOTR PERLINSKI
2nd Assistant Camera	ANDRES CLARIDGE
Camera Trainees	CAROLINE DELERUE
	CLARE SEYMOUR
DIT	DYLAN EVANS
Script Supervisor	ALANA MARMION-WARR
Grips	BRETT LAMERTON
	BEN FREEMAN
Gaffer	MARK TAYLOR
Best Boy	DANNY GRIFFITHS
Electricians	SIMON ATHERTON
	JAMES KENNEDY
	GUY MINOLI
Standby Rigger	ROB ARMSTRONG
Sound Maintenance Engineer	GIDEON JENSEN
Sound Assistant	MATT FORRESTER
Art Director	ADAM MARSHALL
Standby Art Director	SUSIE BATY
Assistant Art Director	GEORGIA GRANT
Set Decorator	HANNAH SPICE
Props Buyer	ANTONIA TIBBLE
Props Master	NICK WALKER
Standby Props	DAVE ACKRILL
	EDDIE BAKER
Dressing Props	DAVE SIMPSON
	SAM WALKER
Art Department Assistant	LOTTIE McDOWELL

Art Department Trainee	ANNA CZERNIAVSKA
Standby Carpenter	RONALD ANDERSON
Special Effects	SCOTT McINTYRE
Costume Supervisor	NADINE DAVERN
Costume Assistants	JEN DAVIES
	RUTH PHELAN
Costume Trainee	ELIZABETH WEBB
Make-Up Supervisor	KATIE PICKLES
Make-Up Artist	ALANA CAMPBELL
Make-Up Trainee	SIMONE CAMPS
Medical Advisor	DR RACHEL GRENFELL
Publicist	CHRISTOPHER DUGGAN
Communications Manager	CHARLOTTE INETT
Picture Executive	VICTORIA DALTON
Picture Manager	JULIAN WYTH
Stills Photographers	DES WILLIE
	ED MILLER
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Head of Production	SUSY LIDDELL
Post Production Supervisor	BEEWAN ATHWAL
Post Production Paperwork	ILANA EPSTEIN
Assistant Editor	OLIE GRIFFIN
Dialogue Editor (eps 1–4)	TOM DEANE
Dialogue Editor (ep 5)	IAIN EYRE
Sound FX Editor	JIM GODDARD
Dubbing Mixer (eps 1, 2&5)	STUART HILLIKER

Dubbing Mixer (eps 3&4)	FORBES NOONAN
Title Music 'Fly' by	LUDOVICO EINAUDI
Online Editor	OWEN HULME
VFX	SASCHA FROMEYER
Colourist (eps 1–4)	AIDAN FARRELL
Colourist (eps 4&5)	COLIN PETERS
Music Supervisor	IAIN COOKE
Composer	FRANS BAK
Title Design	PETER ANDERSON STUDIO
Casting Director	ANDY PRYOR CDG
Sound Recordist	BILLY QUINN
Hair & Make-Up Designer	JOJO WILLIAMS
Costume Designer	ALEXANDRA CAULFIELD
Editor (eps 1–3)	TOM HEMMINGS
Editor (eps 4&5)	RICHARD COX
Production Designer	HELEN SCOTT
Director of Photography (eps 1–3)	JEAN-PHILIPPE GOSSART
Director of Photography (eps 4&5)	JOEL DEVLIN
Line Producer	CHRISTINE HEALY
Executive Producer for the BBC	MATTHEW READ
Executive Producers	ROANNA BENN
	JUDE LIKNAITZKY
	MIKE BARTLETT
	GREG BRENMAN
Producer	GRAINNE MARMION
Director (eps 1–3)	TOM VAUGHAN
Director (eps 4&5)	BRUCE GOODISON



for BBC

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MIKE BARTLETT

Mike Bartlett is a multi-award-winning playwright and screenwriter whose most recent plays include *Wild* (Hampstead Theatre); *Game* (Almeida Theatre); *King Charles III* (Almeida Theatre/West End/Broadway; Critics' Circle Award for Best New Play, Olivier Award for Best New Play, Tony Nomination for Best Play); *An Intervention* (Paines Plough/Watford Palace Theatre); *Bull* (Sheffield Theatres/Off-Broadway; TMA Best New Play Award, Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in an Affiliate Theatre); *Medea* (Glasgow Citizens/Headlong); *Chariots of Fire* (based on the film; Hampstead/West End); *13* (National Theatre); *Love, Love, Love* (Paines Plough/Plymouth Drum/Royal Court Theatre; TMA Best New Play Award); *Earthquakes in London* (Headlong/National Theatre); *Cock* (Royal Court/Off-Broadway, Olivier Award for Outstanding Achievement in an Affiliate Theatre); *Artefacts* (nabokov/Bush Theatre); *Contractions* and *My Child* (Royal Court).

Bartlett has also written several plays for radio, winning the Writers' Guild Tinniswood and Imison Prizes for *Not Talking*. He has received BAFTA nominations for his television series *The Town* and *Doctor Foster* for which Bartlett won Outstanding Newcomer for British Television Writing at the British Screenwriters' Awards 2016. Bartlett's adaptation of his play *King Charles III* aired on BBC television in 2017.

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